NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs. Colman & Chisholm.

PHRENOLOGICAL.

[For the reference of the uninitiated, we have caused the spot upon the head where Destructiveness is placed to be marked by a figure.]

THE DURHAM BOY.

[A portion of the boy's confession, relating to an atrocious act of cruelty by laceration with a piece of tin, is omitted, as not proper for insertion in a Newspaper.]

THE CASE OF MAJOR MITCHELL.

BY JOHN NEAL.

(Continued.)

The following is the paper referred to as drawn up by Dr Mighles—the passages in italics are the qualifications made by the boy at the time I speak of. To avoid repetition they are now published together.

Confession of the Boy, Mitchell, to Dr Jesse W. Mighles and others, before trial.

'Boy by the name of Major Mitchell, of Durham, (*about twenty-three miles from the city of Portland,*) aged nine years (*nine, March* 19, 1834), the natural child of a (*widow*) woman by the name of Plummer. Sometime in June last, met a little boy eight years (*seven he says now*), by the name of David Crawford, of Durham, at the School house on Monday morning. There being no school, he persuaded David to go into a pasture near, where he intended to whip and kill him—on what account he cannot tell.—(*School ma'am was ill and there was no school. She told them to bow when they went out; the others would not bow, and when he did, they made fun of him, laughed at him, and struck him. He never had a quarrel with David nor with anybody else; never stole any thing; never killed any thing—had a dog once which father would hang on account of his old age,* though he, the boy, did not want to have him put to death for what he could not help.*) Feeling no particular animosity excited, he at first concluded to let him go home without whipping him; but soon vexed David somehow so that he, David, called him names. Says, 'he called me a hog, a fool and a stealer. He now began whipping David with his fists; intended to kill him and should have done it had he not been prevented by Jacob Macintosh (*Zeke Macintosh*) a man who interfered and detained him awhile and sent David home by another way. Says he was soon set at liberty and overtook David in the road, and prevailed on him (*By threats to lick him if he did not go, and by promises that he should not be hurt, if he would go*) to go two or three rods into the woods, where, he says (*I put him into the water with his clothes on, and kept him there ten minutes, trying to drown him*), I filled his mouth with leaves and brakes (*mud and brakes and ivory leaves and birch leaves*), I then pulled his clothes all off. I tied his hands to the trees with withes, and tied his legs with his suspenders. * * * * * * * I then beat him with sticks on his naked body for five hours (*from morning till four P. M.*). I struck him five hundred times—frequently brought blood. He appeared quite weak. I then untied him and held him under water (*face down*) as near as I could judge eight minutes (*and finding the water too shallow, only uncle deep, I built a dam*). It was sometime after I took him out of the water before he could speak. I did not dare to kill him, because I was afraid Jacob Mackintosh (*Zeke*) would find me out. (*I told him he might go, and he went toward his clothes and I thought he got them.*) He was three hours getting home. He went home naked. I supposed he would find his clothes. He was confined two days and had the doctor. (*I felt sorry and do now—I thought of God all the time.*) I did not pity him till I was taken up; I had often played with David, but never quarrelled with him. (*I saw him once afterwards, three or four days before I was taken up.*) I have been to school some part of the time for three years; I began at six; cannot read at all. (*Spells in one syllable.*) Mother does not know how to read.—Father died *three* years ago. I have been whipped often by father and mother. * * *

Such is the substance of the boy's confession made at different times *before trial*. Its perfect truth, except in two or three cases of manifest error, where nothing could be gained by it, must fill the reader with astonishment, when he comes to read the evidence that appeared upon trial. In every case of disagreement, Mitchell's version of the story, corroborated by circumstances, is always more *unfavorable* to himself than the truth would be. The only material discrepancy is with regard to the provocation, or as Major called it the *aggravation*. This David denies point-blank, and this Major always tells in the same way; and surely it cannot be doubted there was *some* provocation.

Two or three days after the cast was taken, I had occasion to see Major again. He repeated the same story, in the presence of Dr Ray, of Eastport, a gentleman from Paris, and another from Boston (Mr May), and then it was, and not till then, that I was struck with the idea that he was telling the whole story by *rote;* for he told it in precisely the same language and more as if it concerned another, than as if he himself had any sort of interest in the affair. Hearing him say that he had given David five hundred blows, I was led to ask him how many sticks he had used. The answer was, *Five hundred*. And how many blows did you give him with each stick? *Five hundred*, was the reply. Nor could I make him understand or answer differently; shape the question as I would the answer was always *Five hundred*. It reminded me of Wordsworth's touching ballad, 'We are seven.'

> 'Twas throwing words away: for still
> The little maid would have her will,
> And said, Nay we are seven.'

From that moment I felt satisfied there was something to be inquired into in the poor fellow's history, as well as in the facts charged; and the course I pursued from that moment up to the finding of the jury, was adopted upon the hypothesis that he would turn out to be an object of pity h-

* A disqualifying if not a capital offence in the States of New York and Maine. Chancellor Kent and Chief Justice Mellen, being found guilty of *three score years and ten*, are both suffering the penalities of the law at this moment.

er than of punishment. How much capacity he might have, it was not for me to determine—he might have enough to satisfy the law—he might have enough to satisfy a jury—but he had not enough to satisfy me.

I lost no time in sending for his mother—and for two or three neighbors who were represented to me as not unfavorably disposed toward the poor boy. When she appeared I questioned her particularly concerning her past life, with a view of tracing the influence of circumstances before and after birth, upon the character of the child. She answered all my questions with readiness and I believe in perfectly good faith, manifesting all the interest of a mother in the fate of her child. Mr Jones happening to be here at the time, I submitted her head to his examination. The following were the results.

Phrenological developments of the Mother.

Temperament, low*—bilious and nervous. *Head*, of moderate size, of the lower classes, indicating *propensities* larger than the sentiments. Especial deficiency of *Ideality*. *Perceptive organs* larger than the *Reflective*. Large *Individuality, Eventuality* and *Language*. *Causality*, small. *Comparison*, small. Anterior sincipital region, particularly narrow. *Caution, Secretiveness* and *Destructiveness*, rather large. *Combativeness*, moderate. *Reverence*, rather large. *Benevolence*, small.

The substance of her answers to my numberless and most particular enquiries, I shall now give.

Delarations of the mother before trial, and not on oath, respecting herself, the boy and his father.

My name is Nancy Plummer; my maiden name was Clark. I married Mitchell, my first husband, about seventeen years ago. I was 49, June 12, '34. Had three children by Mitchell. *John*, aged 17, Oct 11, '34: *Sarah* 16, Sept 10, '34: *John*, 14, Feb 12, '34. Mitchell died 11 years ago, Dec '34. Major was born just one year after the death of my first husband, Mitchell. His name is Major Sawyer. * * * Major is the only child I have, or ever had, with light hair and light complexion. All the others have dark hair and dark complexion. Major is very like his father, his complexion, hair, and every thing but his eyes; he walks like him. But Hannah Sawyer's eyes are like Major's. *I have not seen Sawyer since the child was two weeks old. Major never saw his father till last winter, when he slept with him, and on coming away, his father gave him two cents; and this was all he ever gave either to the child or the mother.* There is no dependence to be put upon Sawyer; I suppose he has been recorded a liar—drinks very hard—he promised marriage. Sawyer was considered a good tempered man; *I never saw him angry in my life*; I knew him when I was a young woman. He maintained his first family without help from the town, and so he does now by his second family. Nice man toward cattle as ever need to be. *

* * My first husband died Dec 9th, buried on the 11th Major was born one year from the following March. I should not think his father an honest man, is not called so; people have no regard for his word. He is a small man, not strong, and not a cunning man; I don't know whether he could read or write—I cannot do either. Major has been to school as much as he could go. He began at five, and used to go perhaps two weeks every summer, we have always had to watch him. Very willing to go to school, very fond of his book at home, could read all the evening. *He would go a mile last winter to school, with the snow up to his arm-pits, and tread a path from our house to the road, about a quarter of a mile;* his father (Plummer) could not keep him at home. He had shoes last winter, and went all he could. *The Crawfords are always quarrelling with my children.* Thomas Crawford, a son threatened the life of my daughter Sarah, and attacked her one day in the woods and threw her down and whipped her. I never knew Major to differ with a child in my life, nor to do any bad action; he is a very timid child—may be frightened to do anything. We used to have a testament in the house, and my daughter reads it. Mr Plummer has got old and can't see to read now; he is a man of excellent learning; he is very old—74 last March. Major is very fond of Mr Plummer, who has always treated him like his own child. We are not supported by the town—receive no help—we own a farm of fifteen acres, and get enough off for the support of our family. We keep two cows, no sheep. Major could always be trusted to clean the barn, get in the wood and such things. *Two or three waiters ago, he cut all the wood at the door, small wood, I mean. All the children about love to play with Major, and he with them. The Crawford children used to tease him and pick upon him; they were the worst; he and other scholars told us of it*—the poor boy said he wouldn't go to school any more, they used to plague him so. Sometimes they would fight him. *David Crawford use to wrong him.* Sometimes Major was afraid to go that way; he would try to avoid them. We always had to watch him by the Crawfords, in the summer time. Thomas and George used to lie in wait for Major. We have seen them watching for him, both my husband and myself, not only before, but since this affair. The Crawfords get along well enough; Mr C. does not bear a good character, drinks all the time; good natured to animals.

Major was very fond of two kittens last winter; would sit and rock them by the hour. David Crawford was eight last June—as large if not larger than Major; not so tall, but thicker. I knew nothing of the case. That morning it rained, my daughter was at home; mistress was sick with the mumps; I knew this, and thought there would be no school, and so did she; but he concluded to go and see. They went together and I did not see him again till near the middle of the afternoon; he went away about nine—saw nothing remarkable in his behavior, clothes or appearance when he returned, Sally did not come home; she staid to help a woman. Zekiel Macintosh came to know of Major where David's clothes were, and wanted Mr Plummer and myself to go right over to Crawford's. Mr P. was unwell. I went and saw the boy; he was sitting by the window when I went in; he jumped up and stood in the middle of the floor, when he saw me, and his mother stripped him before us (Ezekiel Macintosh and wife and myself.) *When Major was one year old, he threw his clothes out of the window, and I whipped him till I conquered him. I can truly say that my child bore as many marks* on as this boy did when I saw him.* There was a little blood to be seen, *it looked like a pin scratch; and there was a little piece of skin off the forehead, about as large as your finger nail.* David did not open his mouth, nor cry. There was no examination of the wounded parts. Lucy Merrill saw a few scars and a few scratches, and so did Dr Merrill of Durham. David went a *strawberrying and to school within nine days.* Dr M attended till they found Mr Plummer would not pay his bill, and then the doctor was discharged, and the child sent to school. Mr Plummer and I have taken Major alone and asked him about the affair and all we could get out of him was that *David took off his clothes and hung them up to dry, saying he was afraid his ma'am would whip him for wetting them.*—Mr P and myself went to the place, immediately, the same day. It was about forty or fifty rods from Mr Plummer's house; we go that way to meeting; Major always went with us. *There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the ground;* no brakes trampled down, nor grass pulled up, nor trees broken or branches twisted off; no sticks to be found lying about. There was a little galley two rods off, and there we found one little twig of birch twisted nearly off; no appearance of a dam was to be found in the highway. Major was taken up first for assault and battery, and *fined one dollar and costs.* Somebody paid the fine for him and he was immediately set at liberty. They did not take him up again till a *fortnight afterwards, when the boy was well.*

At the first trial Dr Merrill testified that there was not a place four inches square, without a stripe or a mark on it; didn't consider him dangerous; nothing said about the laceration then. *Major is easily scared; will say anything*

* The bilious and nervous is a high temperament.

when he is frightened. When about a week old, he fell off a high chest on the floor: was taken up for dead. The hands were clenched and the head swollen. Doctor thought he would not get over it, and if he did, he would never be himself again. *He appears very wild at times.* He struck on the *top of his head.* We had watchers for several nights. The doctor has gone, I don't know where—away down East I believe.'

Such was the substance of her autobiography and the material part of her testimony. The passages marked in italics appeared so important, that I depended upon her for the proof, and told her so. She promised to be up in season for the trial and to bring others to confirm her story.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

HAYDN'S CREATION.

The Creation of Haydn will be repeated *for the fourth time this season*, at Boylston Hall to morrow Evening by the Handel and Haydn Society. The estimation in which this author's compositions are held by all classes of people, at the present day, and particularly the fashionable world, must contribute greatly to facilitate the improvement of this delightful science both theoretically and practically; and it is to this increasing stimulus that the more elaborate improvement in instrumental music may be traced. Haydn is not only the founder of the modern art, but the most perfect of all the modern authors. His peculiar excellence lies in that unity of design and felicity of expression which we look for in vain in other composers. Though learned he is always intelligible, and the impassioned melody which pervades his compositions, never fails powerfully to interest the feelings. His music is founed upon *the instinctive tones of our nature*, and there is no fear that it will ever be lost while human feelings remain.

Haydn commenced this great work by first noting down his theme, and then choosing the keys through which he wished to make it pass. His exquisite feeling gave him a perfect knowledge of the greater or less degree of effect, which one chord produces in succeeding another, and he afterwards imagined a little romance, which might furnish him with musical sentiment and colors. By the sudden change of his key, he has produced some of his most striking effects. Every practitioner in the art, must have noticed the various *complexions* by which the different keys are characterised. In the fifteenth century, music was generally written in the Key of F, and its relative D, minor, which may be denominated *the Key of nature;* but as science increased, other notes were taken as the centres of systems, by which other keys were formed, and have now not less than twenty-four keys both Major and Minor, some of which are thus characterised:

F is relative, This key is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.

D minor, possesses the same qualities, but of a heavier cast, more doleful, solemn and grand.

C bold, vigorous and commanding; adapted to the expression of war and enterprize.

A minor, plaintive but not feeble.

G gay and sprightly, being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subject.

C minor, persuasive, soft and tender.

D ample, grand and noble, having more fire than C it is suited to the loftiest purposes. In choral music, it is the highest key, the Treble having its chorus note on the fourth line.

B minor, bewailing, but not in too high a tone to excite commiseration.

A golden, sunny and warm.

E sharp minor, mournfully grand.

E in sharps, bright and pellucid, adapted to brilliant subjects. In this key Haydn has written his most elegant thoughts.

B in sharps, keen and piercing, seldom used.

B flat, The least interesting of any. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand, and it is too dull for song.

G minor, meek and pensive, replete with melancholy.

E flat major, full and mellow, sombre, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight, though less decided in its character than some of the others. The regularity of its beauty renders it an unusual favorite.

C minor, complaining, having something of the whining cant of B, minor.

A flat major, the most lovely of the tribe, unassuming gentle, soft, delicate and tender. Every author has been sensible of the charms of this key. and has resumed it for the expression of their most refined sentiment.

F minor, religious, penitential and gloomy.

D flat major, sufully dark. In this remote key, Haydn and Beethoven have written their sublimest thoughts. They never enter it, but for tragic purposes.

It is sufficient to have hinted at these effects. To account for them is difficult, but every musician is sensible of their existence. The physical principles of music, or the natural causes of its power over our feelings, have not yet been satisfactorily explained. Joy always expresses itself in the major key, sadness in the minor—and this effect of the animal spirits on the tones of the voice, is observable also in the brute creation. There is a language of the passions, consisting of the tones, in which they are universally and extinctively uttered, and which may be regarded as the primitive and natural language of man. It is in reference to these original sounds which are called '*the extinctive tones of nature,*' that the empire of music over the feelings is founded. It becomes the business of the composer to supply the modulation by which the passions may be awakened. It should then be the object of the instrumental as well as the vocal performers to copy the manner in which the extinctive tones are uttered: and the power of either to move us will be in proportion to his just conception of the sentiment of the author, and his skill in giving to that sentiment the tone which nature has assigned to it.

The superiority of modern music arises in a great degree from the increased attention which has been paid to the philosophy of the art—and we are confident that effects, still more novel and interesting, will be produced, in proportion as its principles are more closely studied, and more correctly known.

The general character of the instrumental music of Haydn is that of romantic imagination. His genious ranges in every direction with the rapidity of the Eagle. The astonishing and the alluring succeed each other alternately, and are painted with the most brilliant tints. It is this variety of coloring—it is the absence of every thing tedious, which has probably obtained for him rapid and extensive a success.

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AMERICAN ACTORS ABROAD. Some years since the English public could not be induced to believe that the American stage was able to furnish an actor worthy to appear before them. Cooper was driven from their stage as if the attempt to please them was in an American, a criminal presumption. Times however have since changed. In despite of the fables of travelling dowagers, captains and crusty colonels, the English begin to doubt the theory of Buffon that nature degenerates in America. They have learned to tolerate and applaud Hackett; and they have even endured Miss Clifton, a piece of good nature for which they deserve credit; and we do not doubt that, should Booth or Forrest appear upon their boards, their success would be decided and brilliant. The latter, now in Europe, will no doubt visit London before his return, and notwithstanding his determination not to appear before an English audience, he will probably be persuaded to make the venture.—Let him say what he may, he would be proud of the applause of the audience that has applauded Kemble, Cook and Kean. And we do not doubt that he would receive it. Let him open in that gentlemanly play of our townsman Bird, the Gladiator, and he would take the town, as was said of Kean, by storm. Two such specimens of American dramatic manufacture could not fail to draw from generous and warm-hearted John Bull a full meed of approbation. We hope that the experiment will at least be made.

ORIGINAL.

HEBETUDE.

FROM THE PEN OF A SLEEPY.

'Poor youth!' they cry, 'he wastes his strength o'er the midnight lamp.' Truly, he wastes, not his strength alone, but the oil!'—*Val dictory Lecture.*

I get into respectable company sometimes. A few evenings since, I was in the Quintessence Lyceum. Unmindful, if the door-keeper should give me a walking ticket, I walked in without a card of admission; why should I not? other *gentlemen* do so: besides, I was not hypocritical, for Argus saw I had no kind of pass; then I was honest and my sin-watcher is satisfied; while other gentlemen with 'manly majesty,' stride in, exhibiting the back side of a blank card. I took my place, resolving not to be ejected from it, by the politeness of any lady's beau. Being a connoisseur in science, and loving to apply practically what I learn in theory, always making my theories subservient to truth, and correcting them by ocular demonstration, I commenced examining the heads and features of the assembly. My mind was soon settled regarding their character, 'Oh! happy city!' I ejaculated, 'how pure must be thy streets—thy dwellings!—how void of affectation, imbecility and self conceit, for, to compose this most grand of Lyceums, it is necessary to appropriate all thy negative qualities. Since literary societies are the 'go,' here, half-grown babies of fashion, filled with dignified scorn for honorable occupations, now cluster. The trail-bearers of fashion—mimics of its 'lions,' here assemble to inspect the fair, and upon them duly to make observations;—here they bring their female simperers, with the name of the forthcoming novel thriving in their brains, to sit and look, gathering *useful* knowledge which they afterwards dutifully disseminate—useful knowledge of wrinkles, complexions, lecturer's's whiskers, form, &c, while his lecture seems borrowed by the winds and borne off—so little do they say of it.'

During this mental operation, the President took his seat. Glancing with awful dignity among his flock, he arose—stated the business of the meeting, hoped that there would be no applause, as it was highly indecorous to obey the natural impulse of admiration; and read the question, viz—'Should the establishment of grave brows, be countenanced by a free people?' After seating himself, an 'awful pause' of three minutes followed, when a large-shouldered, wedge-like, looking personage, jumped up and with furious eye, exclaimed the following:—' Mr President! Sir-r! I believe [makes a gesture upward] Sir-r it is my opinion, that this question is of eminent im-[ges. downward] portance! I believe, Sir-r, we must not shrink from the task of examining it seriously and gravely. Sir-r [hand on heart] in my opinion it regards the liberties of this nation'—the liberties Sir-r for which our fathers fought, bled and died before we were born! [contortion of countenance] Oh! shall this wide land!—this Eden land![grimace]—this paragon of the world on which the sun in matchless splendor pours his beams, [chasse de chasse] awakening every dormant beauty—this land where plenty is burdensome—oh![agony personified] I say shall this land be blasted by the presence of despots and usurpers with iron chains? Oh! for-[position of the Pisa leaning tower]bid it! It is the christian duty of every one to rouse himself to discuss this question. Sir-r, I believe it is a grave [looking the President through] one, and one in which every one is concerned. Sir-r, if any one *B.-comes*, he will oppose it; as I said before, this question is an important one. Sir-r—I believe—Sir-r—I have no more to say, I only opened it for others to have something to follow on.'

This orator was scarcely done hurling thunder, before the audience began theirs. During this speaker disfigure himself, forced into my mind, Hamlet's opinion about 'Nature's journeymen.' &c. While enjoying the raptures of beholding the truth of my theory exemplified, a fine, short young man, as ever doubled a cape by throwing his cloak's corner over his shoulder, stepped forth. If he had doubled a cape, he never tasted salt water, nor even salt, for there was a great want of the attic in his speech. Between his person and disposition, there is a wonderful dissimilarity, for, he is ambitious; and from this, I wonder he is not taller, as his mind in its aspirations, would, if not lift him to the skies, so stretch his shortness, that the stars would be dangerous to his head;—no doubt he eclipses many earthly ones—in his own opinion! He thinks not there are such things as logic, sentiment, &c; but his words!—they come nicely packed, as a case of foreign goods, but, so wrapped, that if there really is an idea, it is not the idea wrapped up, but envelopes and an idea. It is with words, as Cicero says of argument; make too great a display or use too many, and you hurt your own cause, by casting on it, suspicion. As every one of pure taste, has a good opinion of nature, and loves to see her displayed, and as his speech offers peculiar advantages for studying her, I will give it. Being much interested in the cause of literature and science, I have obtained a copy for future reference. His speeches are always written, doubtless for the good of posterity, *after* they shall have been 'requested for the press' and pushed upon the world, by the printer's lever. As he spoke, his upper lip shivered like a pig's snout in the cold, and his words oozed through his teeth, like soap through a tunnel. But the speech. 'Mr President:—With irrefragibility, with exravasation, without evagation, and yet in dulceration, tho' not hypostatically in jaculation, I will dequantitate the appearance of truth, with which the gentleman's lubricity of demeanor has enveloped his position. Without ultioonancy and yet not hypothetically, I will prove, that he has practised antiphasis in facts, and has a vast quantity of ambidexterousness in his constituent compound constitution.—Though his speech was of apositopesis and his side in contravention to the one I advocate, truth, truth is inflexible; and with but little contristation to him, I will enter the cycloidal avenues of his argument and so perforate it, that despite of his contumaciousness, by antiperistasis, I will show the siceity of truth in his cogitation and the exuberance of the same quality in my confutation. Thus, sir, I will not be, like him, an arctic, or antartic, of the antæci or the antipodes, but really on the equator of truth.'

He having thus far, too much enlightened me, and unable to endure more light: unlike the eagle, I closed my eyes, too weak to gaze upon the sun in his blaze; the oration was all powerful—decisive in its effects—I fell asleep! A jar, as of thunder sound, released me from the grasp of Somnus, The young aspirant had resumed his seat and the audience were giving—what this lightning-rod labored for—applause; while I resumed thinking of 'nature's journeymen.' After the storm had subsided, another, like Jove among the Gods, arose with countenance beaming sublimity and grandeur, with speech in pocket—not in hand, and with eyes, moving so dreadfully, that had they been ten feet clubs, I warrant they would have prostrated all within ten feet in front, who had not previously adoring fell. His voice came from the profound depth of his lungs reverberating along the walls to the President's ear, (the speech was so flighty, I have no doubt it reached the hall's roof, in its way) from thence to the audience, thence to the place below, awaking from their—what liked to have been—eternal sleep, the careasers, well bestowed for the next day's appetite—which now ran about with high notions of intellectual grandeur and of the 'eternal fitness of things'—the speech, then effectual in its course, is bounded only by the universal bounds of space, for they alone are capable of containing so Behemoth like a matter. Please pause, gentle reader, while I summon the spirits of the universe, to bring it contrasted enough for paper and your comprehension; should you not understand it, be assured their endeavors are not at fault, for they was not only Sir Isaac Newton's principle of compression, but their own, by which they look through a keyhole. * * *

'Lis-ten, sir, eh Mr? 'Mr President, the elementary principles which govern this subject, can be resolved into three distinct classes which are capable of subdivision and sub-subdivision, we will state to our adversary in the examination of this most momentous question. The question, sir, as I understand it, is 'Should the establishment of grave brows be countenanced by a free people?' Man, Mr President, is a biped on two legs; the chief of animals with the spirit of deity and he therefore should be careful in every experiment not to set a bad example to creation and reflect discredit on his race. Thus, as man stands in the scale of existence, so must his actions, manners, and deeds effect the universe. This question, though ably discussed by the gentlemen preceding me, was not exhibited in its proper comprehensive light; instead of merely showing that grave brows were but imitations of owls and conducers to make lions more savage and hyenas more rapacious, we should think of their effects upon the *whole race* of brutes collectively not individually and finally, from thence draw our conclusions upon the nature of the question; this being done, we may commence discussion; Sir, the gentlemen so far have done nothing towards opening the hidden truth of the question. Mr President! the affairs of nations combined, are in all but their immutable, philosophical nature evanescent; their philosophical principles prove that many are the works of creation and that man stands at the head in this scale of existence. Here the question divides itself into four parts, viz:

I. Establishment which implies exertion and experiment.

II. The nature of gravity and its application to the human face.

III. Enquire what is becoming free men?

IV. Ditto, what constitutes a free people?

Thus countenancing, Sir——'

Gentle reader, we will bow the attending spirits with the speech, off; the view of the gentleman is too comprehensive for common eyes and for the containing qualities of paper; and as I have not an understanding for the matter, I have come to a dead stand upon it, particularly, as the oration is so sublime, having the prominent constituents—obscurity and undefinability.

Another followed, whose style was the dishabille of oratory—plain—unpresuming and yet, full of elegance. He neither spat-fire, or broke his arms in exertions to strengthen his speech by gesture, he had but little, he neither raved or grimaced, yet by some secret avenue he found his way to the heart. He was so absorbed in the *subject*, he had no time to *theatricalize;* his face was calm and serious, yet not without its speaking expression—in his eye was a light to tell—a light that illumined all his features, He not only seemed, but was in earnest and thus made his hearers feel with him. His earnestness found its way into all his manner—gesture—position—expression; it was by these combined in their due degree, that he wrought electrical effects upon the audience. The elements of oratory, are knowledge amalgamated with the intellectual system—a discerning power to compare and select—an imagination to combine—sensibility to inspire and an elastic frame to obey every impulse of the feelings. Those constitute a perfect orator, but he who has them not, may fret and wear himself to his shroud, yet will not reach that point; he may improve by judicious management, still, he will never lead. In the sphere for which nature designed him, he will do well; had she wished him elsewhere, his powers would have been adequate, for she always acts as she means, and men but harm themselves, when they act contrary to her teaching. She, however, gives no one power to move his hearers, when no interest is at stake—no object to gain. Eloquence will flow but from proper incentives, and in proportion to their importance or power will be the heat; at times it is like the gentle current, then like the mountain flow of the ocean, then like the gradual growing stream—gathering and gathering—imperceptibly, but irresistible in its power, and then anon, it comes upon us, like the waters of some upland lake, overwhelming as the ocean with its bounds removed!

MISCELLANY.

A FAREWELL TO BURNS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My task is ended—farewell Robin!
My prentice muse stands sad and sobbin'
To think thy country kept thee scrubbin'
Her barmy barrels,
Of strains immortal mankind robbin'
And thee of Laurels.

Let Learning's Greekish gruhs cry humph!
Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph,
And ilka starred and garterd sumph
Yawn, hum, and ha;
In glory's pack thou art a trumph,
And sweeps them a'.

Round thee flocked scholars many a cluster,
And Dominie's came in a fluster,
In words three span lang, 'gan they bluster
Of classic models,
Of Telly's light and Virgil's lustre,
And shook their noddles.

Ye laughed, and muttering, 'Learing, d—n her.'
Stood bauldly up, but start or stammer
Wi' natures fire, for love and grammar
And classic rules
Crushed them as Thor's triumphant hammer
Smashed paddock stools.

And thou wert right, and they were wrang—
The sculptor's toil, the poet's sang,
In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,
And bold and free
In sentiment and language strang,
They spake like thee.

The muse came like a giggling taupie;
Dancing her lane: her sangs so sappy,
Cheered men like drink's inspiring drapple,
Then, grave and stern,
High morals, truths sublime and happy
The made them learn.

Auld gray-head Lear, wi' college lantern,
O'er rules of Horace stortering, venturin'
At song, glides to oblivion wanterin'
And starless night.
Whilst thou, up cleft Parnassus canterin'
Lives on in Light.

In light thou livest. While birds bo'e simmer,
Wild bees the bloom'm, buds the timmer,
And man lo'es woman, rosy limmer,
I'll prophecie
Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer
Will ever be.

For me, though both sprang frae ane mother
I'm but a weakly young half brother,
Sae, O forgive my nursing swittler,
Mid toils benighted
'Twas long a wish that nought could smother,
To see thee righted.

Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers,
Frae fairy glens where wild Doon pours,
Frae hills, he dropped wi' sunny showers
On Solway strand,
Ive gathered Burns, thy scattered flowers
Wi' filial hand.

And O, bright and immortal spirit!
If aught that lessens thy rare merit
I've uttered, like a gnd thou'lt bear it;
Then canst but know
Thy stature few or none can peer it
Now here below.

RECEIPT FOR A WIFE. Good morals, [illegible] accomplishments, agreeable [illegible] good temper, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1835.

ENGLAND.

Our people are not sufficiently acquainted with this great and glorious country; and as the best way of making them so, we intend, whenever it jumps with our humor, to show up a few of her leading characteristics, in the language of simple truth. Her travellers are not yet cured of their arrogance and folly; her stray actors and actresses of their unapproachable impudence—nor her Magazines and Reviews of their stupid blundering about this country, and therefore it is that we have begun to set our hearts upon dealing with them as they did with us, and with this difference only, that we shall confine ourselves to the truth, as we said before; and occasionally say something in their favor—not much. Nevertheless, we are no enemies of England or of the English. So far from it, indeed, that we love to repeat the line after Cowper—

'England! with all thy faults I love thee *still*:'

But though friendly enough towards her, and her people, we are not so toward her literary bullies and blackguards, her lying travellers, and her most ungrateful mountebanks and poachers, who come here to be flattered out of their senses and go home to prove it. All in good time, however. We are in no hurry. But if they will keep a beargarden over there, and bait everything they can catch alive, under pretence of strengthening their *John Bullism*, they must not think it strange if an occasional bear should get loose, and not content with scratching the noses of the rabble, should betake himself to the tickling of ribs in high places. What Nero, the Lion, was to the whelps of Exeter 'Change, there's many a Brother Jonathan capable of being, if they get his dander up.

And now for a sample of the watts we have an idea of making up at our leisure for the English market. *English Morality.* Frightful as the increase of crime certainly is, in our country, it bears no proportion to that of England, if we may put faith in her members of Parliament, her popular authors, or her Old Bailey statistics; and over what there is here, will be found, on referring to the criminal calenders of our larger cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, for example, to be confined to foreigners—chiefly English, for even the Irish are not so plentiful in our prisons and penitentiaries, as the English. But with all our vices—and they are vast and numerous enough, God knows, to justify the whole Earth in betaking herself to sackcloth and ashes—what are they compared with the vices of the English as a people? But we must speak plainly—very plainly, to be understood. Anything less than the broadest language, will be misunderstood, or explained away, or flatly contradicted. Let us begin, therefore, with cases of Adultery.* Research the whole history of these twenty-four empires, for the last fifty years, and you will not find so many cases of *suspected* adultery as are *tried*, or acknowledged in the very newspapers of England, under the head of *High Life, Elopements*, &c. &c. in the course of a single twelvemonth. And as for *crim. con.* trials in our country, they are never heard of—never certainly among native Americans. The nearest we come to it is in trials for seduction or breach of promise, both new things in the history of our people. Of course, therefore, we are without one of the principal recommendations of an English newspaper.

Take another case, that of *Assaults upon young female children.* There was a time, about 1823, 4, and 5, when we were in the habit of seeing three English newspapers every day, the Morning Herald, the Morning Chronicle, and the Globe—and we aver, that, for a long period, there were at least two cases a week of assaults, '*with intent*,' &c. upon young children, and almost always by old men, tottering on the threshhold of eternity. Hence, the principal thoroughfares of London are so infested after night-fall, by children, mere children, of twelve and upwards, on the watch for prey among the middle-aged and the hoary-headed, as to render it not only painful, but positively dangerous for a decent man to walk the streets there. *All these things are unheard of in America.*

But there is another class of cases, of almost every-day occurrence in England which we *never* heard of here. So frequent there as to be a subject of continual reference in the newspaper, whenever certain personages are mentioned, even of the blood royal; and of open charge against the very magnates of the land, not a few of whom have actually fled for their lives, to avoid a trial, or the indignation of their fellow peers; and two or three of whom have actually vouchsafed to tread the drawing-rooms of the New World for a season—yea more, so familiar is the contemplation of the pure and exalted among that great people, as to be distinctly referred to by *femc's*, there, in a way that would not be understood by the very men of our country. (1)

But to the proof. Nothing is more common here, as every body knows than for men to sleep together. Nobody complains of it, or thinks of complaining, where it occurs every night for thousands of miles together along our frontiers; and it never enters the head of a native American, that there could be any thing improper in it. If he avoids it himself, or stipulates beforehand for a single-bedded room, a bed by himself or a buffalo before the fire, it is for reasons he would never think of concealing, and at best only enough to indemnify him for being regarded by the very women about him, the live Amazons of the wilderness—each a mother of nations—as an effeminate coxcomb, or as one afraid of getting the itch, among people better off than himself perhaps, if the truth were known. This is all he thinks of—this is all they think of.—He prefers to sleep alone, or at least, not to have a beard for his bed fellow. But watch the countenance of an Englishman—observe his language—his lofty bearing—see with what indignation he repels the idea of sleeping with a man. Observe how he alludes to it in his Travels, when they appear, and they are pretty sure to appear, if he is a fellow who would not be suffered to write a paragraph at home for an obscure newspaper.—Ergo—The Englishman besides being the cleanliest animal upon earth, being unable to live without soap even among *wood fires* and the purest river water on earth, but in all other things is the very quintessence of purity, propriety—and so-forth, and so-forth, and so-forth. So he believes and so his fellow-countrymen believe, while we are regarded as no better than savages, filthy and abominable savages. But is he so indeed?—No such thing. It is the want of all this, which makes him so absurdly jealous and sensitive, just as you may see the eyes of certain females—actresses and opera girls, for example, flash fire at an allusion which modest women, of less experience, never dream of being offended with.

(1) That we be not charged with mistake or misrepresentation, let us go to the proof: and to avoid all round-about-ness, do pray allow us to forget our Editorship for a moment, and to tell the story in the first person. Happening to be at the house of a friend in Canterbury, England, a bed was offered me—the only spare bed left. Instead of taking it myself, I offered it to Mr H. a fellow-countryman with me, who was altogether a stranger in the neighborhood, intending to go to a tavern. He refused, and I persisted. After a little friendly altercation, the affair resulted in a proposal on his part to share the bed between us. I didn't so well like the idea, not being accustomed to *such* a bed-fellow; but as we were to be off together early the next morning, I assented, and we were on our way to the chamber, when a female friend, a very charming creature, though her countenance *did* fall, when the proposition was made, as I afterwards recollected, took me aside; and after a good deal of hemming and hawing and a countenance which troubled me exceedingly at the time, prayed I would not think of such a thing. Entirely mistaking her motive, and supposing her trouble was on account of the inconvenience to me, I persisted, though should have done almost anything to gratify her in a serious matter; and it was a full hour after we were in bed together (Mr H. and I) before the truth flashed upon me—as Satan fell from Heaven—like lightning. And I remember another case. Happening to say my *dear* two or three times in the course of an evening, to a young man who had a habit of *my-dearing* everybody he came nigh (in petticoats), I was very kindly cautioned by another high-bred, superior English woman against *alarming the prejudices of her countrymen!*—Most of our readers—Heaven be thanked!—will not understand this; and of those who do, how many think you, will perceive, or perceiving, will acknowledge its importance. Not one. Yet, in estimating I will not say the comparative *morality*, but the comparative *decency of* English and Americans, it is a virtue of itself. *Here endeth the first Lesson.* N.

N. P. WILLIS.

This gentleman has palsied his admirers and disappointed those who predicated their opinion of his literary merits upon his first efforts as a scribbler for Magazines, by the production of one or two articles for the English periodicals, which would do no discredit to any living writer of miscellany. He has generally been regarded as a butterfly in the literary parterre—a gaudy ephemeral writer; and this has been the more regretted, as evidence of his ability to take an elevated stand among American authors, has not infrequently glittered through the mingled mass of trash and worth;—gems sparkling through the soft nonsense in which they were embedded, like the pearl through the body of the oyster in whose shell it is deposited. An unpoetical comparison—for the reason that it is true. Willis's matter has been as inviting as the glutinous shell-fish above mentioned—as it has, like that, needed the assistance of some piquant accompaniment to render any considerable dose of it palatable—but alas! the piquancy necessary to prevent nausea has not generally been inherent in the matter itself—and one cannot serve a page of insipid literary food (?) as he would a dish of oysters;—there is no castor from which one can throw upon it a dash of cayenne, to supply the point which the author neglected in making the dish. Consequently, the reader has been surfeited to fainting with sweets—that is if he has adventured a second time upon what gave him at the first trial to read, the premonitories of mental prostration. Willis deserves to be pelleted to death with the petals of the flower of the sensitive plant, for the effect his prose and poetry have had upon many young women and maidens, and ladies' men.—He has fanned their reason to sleep with butter-flies' wings—clogged their intellects with etherialized honey, and created in them so decided an aversion for matters of fact, that we have known the instance where an excessive indigestion of Willis, has induced the sufferer to decline eating as a gratification unfit for any body but handcarmen and canal diggers; and beneath the longings of a being of 'sentiment and soul etherial.'

But he has in a measure redeemed himself. He has thrown aside the distaff, and in his 'Pedlar Karl,' 'Yankee Notions,' 'Lunatic,' and other late productions, we see the earnest that Hercules can be himself. There is, however, a touch of 'Willis'—let him entirely put away childish things, and he will win for himself a name that any American writer of fiction may envy. W.

OUR EDITORIAL BRETHREN

Thus far, have been as cordial and frank, as any reasonable man could hope. All we have met with, or heard of (in black and white) have returned the *grip* of good fellowship with a most encouraging warmth. At this rate, we shall be '*too much i'the sun*,' for what appears to be expected of Editors and lawyers, and may have to quarrel with our own shadows, even as the tailor was said to have cabbaged from his own cloth, *to keep our hand in.*

P. S. The Nantucket Inquirer (*Jenks*); the New York Mirror (*Morris*); the Boston Pearl (*Pray*); the Portland Courier (*Smith*); and half a hundred other papers (more or less) are entitled to, and should receive, not 'our most humble and hearty thanks,' but another friendly shake a-piece, if we were not afraid of being misunderstood by the dear public. They have no objection to people's shaking hands in the prize-ring, before they go to fisty-cuffs; they will even put up with what lawyers may please to say of each other's eloquence, learning and all that, before the feathers begin to fly—but as for Editors—bless your heart! that's quite another thing. If they go to handying compliments, the game is up! The poor dear public won't stand it. Sparring they must, and will have, *with* gloves or without; and the harder and straighter the hits, why so much the more willingly do they shell out their ha'pennies. But for this, we might have a word to say concerning each of these papers and their editors. As it is, however, we must content ourselves (and the poor dear public, aforesaid) with only one or two scratches—of the pen, about two articles in the Pearl, of week before last, which we find marked for attention. The first is a short poem '*To a River*,' with a sprinkle of exquisite poetry, threading and spangling the whole mass, or in the language of a mineralogist, *disseminated*. The zephyrs, for example, are said to clothe it (*clothe* is bad) with '*blue burnished scales*;' an idea, quite of a piece with, and equal to the '*bright blue rippling glitter*,' of Milman, in his Lord of the Bright City, there applied to armor.' The article on '*Bulwer's writings*' in the same paper, is philosophical and just, though not over-generous. N.

EDITORIAL COURTESIES.

The New-Yorker.—This young, smart, saucy paper is down upon us again like a Baltimore clipper in a snow storm. One word to the Editor, and we have done with him for the present.—He may abuse us, and our writings as much as he pleases, but as a gentleman, and as a pretty smart fellow, judging by this last attack upon us, the poetry of which is *very clever*, we beseech him not to forget himself again so far as to abuse a journal edited by a female, merely because we happened to write a couple of pages for it. Being called upon to explain the mystery before—it flashed across our mind that we might have a key to it among our waste paper. After a little search the following letter was found, and handed over to the lady interested. Oddly enough, it was preserved by her, and to day we propose turning it to account as the best of all possible replies to a column of bitter abuse. But have a care, brother editor. Though such tricks may give the New Yorker *notoriety*, it will not give it reputation, we fear—nay, we *hope*.

'New York, July 30, 1834.

Dear Sir.—We beg leave to invite your attention to the premiums for literary contributions proposed in our paper (which you herewith receive), and to indulge the hope that the inducements therein offered will be such as meet your approval, and to insure us the aid of your talents—*and may we not hope also of your name?* The character of the gentlemen who compose the committee is such, we trust, as to inspire general confidence; and your accession *to the list of contributors on that occasion* will be regarded as a favor not to be slightly prized, nor speedily forgotten. With much respect, your ob't servants,

H. Greely & Co.
Publishers of the New Yorker.

John Neal, Esquire,
Portland, Me.

P. S. Any suggestions with which you may favor us, *will be strictly attended to.* We shall be pleased to send you the paper, should you conclude to become an occasional contributor to its columns.'

To all which being pestered every day with applications of a similar nature, and having made up our mind not to scribble for anybody unless paid for and *paid in advance*, we made a brief reply, stating our determination, 'respectfully but firmly.' The substance of what we said,—we cannot be mistaken about it, we have had the same thing to say to so many others,—and have had some idea of getting a blank lithographed or stereotyped,—was as follows: We never write for quizzes.—We like your paper.—If you want our name you must pay for it. We have done sending our wares to be paid for at other people's prices, to be rejected, retained or lost. We prefer saying to those who want our help—send what you please, and we will send what we please; holding it worthier of those that belong to the literary brotherhood to sit in judgment upon the value of money, than for other people to sit in judgment upon the value of literature in dollars and cents,—Lawyers have their retainers, why should not authors have theirs? And this was all.—So prythee, *what's the matter now?* N.

And now a word for *ourself*. In the article in the New Yorker, spoken of above, the Editor of that paper very *generously* undertakes to take up the cudgels for the Junior-Editor—against all the world in general, and the Senior-Editor and Publishers in particular. As we never happened to discover how abominably we had been aggrieved, till we saw the New Yorker, we acknowledge ourself *suitably* obliged to the Editor thereof, for his sympathy. Lest, however, the plenitude of his affectionate grief in our behalf, should affect him seriously, we will administer him consolation, by stating that the change in the Editorial management of this paper was made after consultation with the Junior-Editor, and with his full and decided approval; that he hailed it as an advantage to himself; and himself opened the correspondence with Mr Neal, in which he invited that gentleman, (supposing him certainly his senior,) to become 'Sub-Editor of the Galaxy,' using those very words. For the praise with which Mr Weld is so liberally bepraised, he has only to say, that the Junior-Editor has been long enough connected with the press to understand how much of a newspaper puff is voted, and how much *stuff*; and that although a Junior, he is old enough to detect what is intended for a bitter pill, though disguised never so wisely. W.

THE TWO FANNIES.

FANNY WRIGHT AND FANNY KEMBLE.

Now the 'three Fannies,' mentioned in Blackwood—two are enough for us, though nobody thinks higher of Fanny Kelly than we do—if that is the name of the little old woman upon the English stage, who is able to bring tears into the eyes of grown men, at the representation of such thingumbob-work as the Maid and the Magpie, one of the many pieces we have seen lately, *spoiled* from the French. As for that other Fanny—Miss Fanny Jarman, (we are and bunglers at orthography, though quite celebrated for penmanship)—we have not yet been able to see her. No—but we mean *two* other Fannies, for both of whom we have, in common with the rest of our people, ever-so much respect and admiration—*Fanny Wright and Fanny Kemble.*

When the former of these two ambitious and clever girls made her 'first appearance' in this country, and after galloping through it, as fast as coaches and steamboats could carry her, went home and made a book about us, our people, our habits, and our institutions—beplastering us, till she impoverished herself—oh, there was nobody on earth like Miss Wright; and nothing in the history of the age to be compared with a tragedy she had just written, as if with her eye to the very parallel we are about to draw. Her name was in everybody's mouth. And nobody thought of calling her Fanny Wright, or would have dared to do so, on this side the Atlantic. At home, to be sure, after she had been waylaid by the Quarterly Review, stripped, plucked, roasted alive, and refeathered, after the fashion of that amiable paper, she was nicknamed Fanny, among the believers in the Quarterly Review, for the very reason that she had flattered the *sovereign* people, not the *suffering* people, as they pronounce it in England. After a few years, when her judgment was matured, her mind strengthened, and her experience a hundred fold greater (We don't allude to her marriage, exactly) she understook to insinuate, that as a people, peradventure, we were not altogether what we should be. There was no bearing this. The whole country took the field—with all our newspaper-editors and all our magazine-writers. From that hour, not another word was heard of *Miss* Wright—of Miss Wright's tragedy, or of Miss Wright's wonderful talents. It was nothing but Fanny Wright now. Poor Fanny!—Fanny the infidel—atheist, who was going about the world on a crusade against the marriage-institution—Fanny the follower—afar off—of Mary Wolstonecraft.

Our people were wrong in both cases. And so was she. As *Miss* Wright, she prattled about us understandingly enough, compared with the statesmen of her own country; but she was run away with by her feelings and hopes. Her language was that of a warm-hearted, generous girl, fresh from the study of Roman-History, Plutarch, and little King Pepin. At every step, she saw the august apparition of a mighty Empire, self-established and self-sustained, standing before her. Having flattered us—we flattered her of course. 'Grant me discernment, and I grant it you.' To say all in a word, we behaved like fools—a nation of great lubberly boys, half tickled to death at having our heads patted by an English woman. Oh, but we *are* a nation of precious blockheads! If a high-bred Englishman, after travelling through our country—*like* a high-bred Englishman—a thing hardly to be imagined—should put forth a book certifying that our wives and mothers turned their toes out, or washed their faces before breakfast, or did *not* rub themselves down with a brick-bat—by Jove, but the man would be canonized! You might build him a monument of newspapers, before a month was over, higher than that of Bunker Hill is now; or is ever likely to be, until some Englishman ventures to say a word in its favor—and suggest the propriety of altering its name.

But—to our *mutton* again! as the French say, probably after having crossed the channel and seen mutton three hundred and sixty-five days running, on the table of the nobility. Fanny Wright, whether maid or wife—we care not, is an extraordinary woman—a woman too, of exalted purposes, and of pure and generous feelings—ten thousand times more likely to uplift the great body of womankind, than to degrade them, notwithstanding all that has been said against her, and notwithstanding all that deserves to be said against her; but she was ten times the woman, while rebuking our people for their follies and vices, than she was, while praising them for both—or if not exactly *for* both, notwithstanding both, and in spite of both.

So with Fanny Kemble. So long as she condescended to play up to us, in crimson velvet, and without stays, at a much higher price than she could have commanded at home, even with the help of that superannuated, pompous blockhead, her father—suffering him to horsewhip her on the stage (He certainly knew what suited her character,) till she would have to run off, *rubbing the part that tingled*, to the unspeakable amusement of our wives and daughters, who took it all for gospel—the gospel of Drury-Lane, such as the majesty of Great Britain is delighted with; So long as she continued to ride our streets on a hard-trotting horse, with the Kemble-hitch—or the road-hitch—anything but a lady's hitch—so long she was the wonder and glory of our people. We remember, and we rather think we shall not soon forget, a circumstance in proof. We happened to be at the Tremont-House one day, when the street appeared unusually crowded, and two or three coaches were drawn up before the door. On looking round for the cause, we saw a large number of hats and boxes lying about on the step, and in the door-way—one would have thought the whole establishment was breaking up, or that some of our wealthy merchants had found out an over-land passage to India. By and by, a man appeared whom we did not instantly recognize. After walking about and reconnoitering awhile, he returned—again he appeared, and again he returned—all the boxes were lugged out—one by one—and deposited with unspeakable solemnity—one by one. Just as we were expecting to hear a trumpet, or the clatter of horses' hoofs, a friend informed us that Fanny Kemble and her father, Charles Kemble and his *baggage* we should have said—were about going away in one of the coaches at the door—about forsaking the new world for the old—you would have thought, our planet for another. Now, it happened that we had never seen the daughter off the stage, and only for a few minutes on—long enough to satisfy us, nevertheless—though we had come over a horrible road, at a very disagreeable season of the year, about a hundred miles partly to see her play, though chiefly to convince another (our own wife) that stage-puffing and newspaper-criticism were not always to be depended upon. If the dear public had not been so extravagantly delighted with the father—whom we happened to know, having seen him *try* Hamlet—and Jaffier—and the *British public*—more times than we are disposed to acknowledge, (1) we might have expected altogether more than we did of the daughter.

Still, notwithstanding we had seen her the night before, in Mrs Beverly, where, if any where, she must have shown her strength—it was in the scene with Beverly, where he refers to the *jewels*—and been most gloriously disappointed, that we expected little after seeing her so puffed, and reading her biography, that she was worth seeing, and so down we went, and stood in the Portico awhile in the midst of a hundred other fools more patient than we are—till we were ashamed of ourselves and sneaked off. But the end was not yet come; out of all patience though we were, others were not—and there stood waiting and wailing by the hour—pushing it out, like a forgotten piquet after the main body moved off—till they were informed that Miss Fanny Kemble had thought proper to withdraw by a back passage.—And even that they bore patiently. Not a murmur was heard! Why, the Princess Charlotte of England, one of the haughtiest women that ever lived—though her heart was always in the right place, (till she flung it away on Leopold) would have been afraid of *her* people's loyalty if she had played them such a trick—aye, and ashamed of it, as a gentlewoman. It was modesty, perhaps—a retiring modesty! About as much so as that of Housemaids—or at Bartholomew Fair, a celebrated stage, by the way, where you may see about as good acting as the best of hers, or her father's *de ldo comedy*.—But Miss Fanny Kemble, had written some transcendent poetry—we are perfectly unfamiliar—we allude to the first poem of hers that appeared in the New York Mirror—they tell us not a few things in our language, no, nor in any other which we are acquainted with. And therefore we determined to see her again. We could not, however, go together as, though she had also written a tragedy—which as a young, lovely, no, not lovely—energetic and ambitious woman, we hope and believe she did not write—and republished it here, in her maternity, as the production of her *childhood*. As if it would have been sufficient to reappear without the corrections of her maternity, she was to push our better half under our own eyes once, and not content with one hundred miles after her, and then to New York, five hundred miles further, merely to satisfy ourselves. And we were satisfied; having the good fortune to see her in what her friends regarded as her best character—the' what one of them was, we cannot for our souls recollect!—There is no joke in this—no affectation—it is the simple truth, strange as it may appear. Three several times have we seen Miss Fanny Kemble play, and so has our better half—once in Mrs Beverly—once in Mrs Haller (and the Innkeeper's daughter in the Merry Days of Charles the Second) and once in—neither of us can tell what!—though we had half persuaded ourselves at one time that it was *Julia* in the Hunchback; by our faith it is true—and it is also true that to this hour we cannot bring to mind what it was we saw her do. And if this be not enough to show what her talents on the stage are—let us observe, moreover, that in neither *of these characters did she ever draw a tear.* We looked about on every side, on finding ourselves and our immediate neighbors undisturbed, but instead of seeing '*not a dry eye in the house*,' we could see nothing but dry eyes.

Now we confess we were not prepared for this, though we had seen her father and knew just how much to allow for the red hot enthusiasm of our brother editors—not prepared for this, though satisfied that in the present dearth of talent among female tragedians on the London stage, if she were any thing like what the newspaper people over seas thought proper to say of her, we never should have seen her face. A first rate male tragedian they may spare occasionally—a Cooke, or a Kean, or a Macready, or a Booth—but then they must always have another to supply his place, at each of the great London houses, or they would never be spared; nay, though we had actually read through the account of her leave taking at London, where overcome with the idea of separation from those who were heartily tired of her, and only put up with her tragedy, as they did with that of her father, for the sake of Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, and speechless with uncontrollable emotion, the distracted girl tore a rose from her bosom and scattered it (leaf by leaf we dare say—as her father deposited their baggage, bale by bale before the Tremont House) among the people of the—the bottomless pit of a large London theatre.

From that moment we prepared for a regular apotheosis of Miss Fanny Kemble the moment she appeared among the every day prodigies of the new world. Nor have we been disappointed. But our people have. Now that she has done what all who knew her (Pity such Catharines had not their Petruchio's after marriage) must have expected of her—betrayed the country of her own husband—and her own country too, by adoption—they have neither respect to country or time. *But they deserve it all.* We have not seen her book—nor a single page of it, nor a single paragraph; and we dont care a straw whether it is true or false—but we have seen *her* no less than three times, and in four different characters, and that's enough! Let her publish a book a year, against the people who worshipped, and finally gave her a husband, worth having (was he not?) she cannot say anything more severe than that they were delighted with the acting of Charles Kemble and his daughter—*on the stage or off.* N.

(1) Fair play though. On referring to memoranda made at the time, we find the father not quite so much of a blockhead there as he certainly was here. They read thus: 'C. Kemble's Hamlet, Oct 4, 1824. "There's never a villain in all Denmark—(great emphasis)—but (changing his manner to archness) he's an arrant knave;" as if joking with his questioners. The vulgar every-day conception of a vulgar every-day mind—a mere trick—but suppose he referred to the King, *his uncle*, in the words "but *he's* an arrant knave."—"I'll call the King!—Father!—Royal Dane." (Still no answer.) Says, "How flat, stale and unprofitable *is* all the uses," &c.—Chamber, as in hat, instead of Chamber as in hate, and Whor instead—no matter what; though most Englishmen would say *ore*. Capital *after* the ghost comes into the library. Mrs Fawcett's—now Farren—expostulation very good. Fencing like our Cooper *On the whole poor stuff.*' 'Nov 6, 1824—Kemble's Jaffier excellent in parts—in the oath and parting from Belvidera, for example. *Astonishing* in the mad part—when the bell tolls, as good as it can be.'

Anti-Matrimonial. A petition from a number of inhabitants of Franklin and Hampshire counties, (thirty-nine is the number we believe) praying an alteration of the laws in relation to the marriage contract—so as to permit ill-assorted pairs to separate. The petition is said to be signed by gentlemen of high respectability.—In our humble opinion, the law is well as it stands. If man or wife finds he or she has made a bad bargain, the only course is to make the best of it—and in nine cases in ten, all will be well enough. No couple who shows disposition to quarrel under the yoke can work well together, but if both have a disposition to make the best, instead of the worst of each other, they may travel the road, up-hill or down, perfectly easy and cosily.

'I can't get out!' reads like a sad song, but it is a consoling one, nevertheless. When a caged bird comes to that conclusion, he spares the wire and his feathers and makes himself content as possible. Such is now the desperate philosophy of many a wedded pair, but take away the inevitable *necessity*, shew them a way to get out of bondage, and instead of continuing mutually to pad their shackles that they may set easy, they will be struggling to get them off. In England, a clause providing for a separation, is very common—and the consequence is, that separations, and separate maintenances are also common. Here when Jonathan chooses his partner for better or worse, it is a settled case with him—if better come—well; if worse, he can't help it—except his wife will be obliging enough to run away. Husbands and wives are more peaceable—better content with each other, because content *per force*.—Make a divorce as every day thing—a sort of a drawn bet, or a mere dissolution of a contract, and you set husband and wife, to litigiously picking flaws, and hunting for legal exceptions to each other. There is also in a majority of families a third party—a number, more or less, of little responsibilities who would not be very comfortably situated between pa and ma, if those first friends of childhood had an Act of the Legislature of the Commonwealth between them. If quartered with the father, they must be taught to dislike the mother, or doubt the father's sanity for leaving her, and *vice versa*. We repeat the law is well enough as it is. W.

La Revue Française. The lovers of sound French literature in our country, ought to be better acquainted with this work, than we believe them to be. Originated by the gentleman who projected and established *Le Courrier des E.t's Unis*, one of the most successful papers of the day, it is calculated to supply a deficiency, which neither that, nor any other publication with which we are acquainted can supply. It is in fact a French Monthly Magazine, holding about the same relationship to the great body of *French* Periodical literature, which Littel's Magazine holds to the great body of *English* Periodical literature. The selections are varied and judicious, and of a nature to interest *all* who are sufficiently acquainted with that swift, flexible and almost universal language, to read it with pleasure.

It is published by Snowden, 52, Water St, New York. N.

Mrs Hale's Magazine. In her last number, Mrs Hale appeals to 'every lady and every gentleman who takes an interest in the cause of female education,' to assist her Magazine by forwarding her the name of one subscriber, each. 'We feel,' says the lady in her prospectus, 'that the continuation of our publication is of importance—that it will do good. Its influence is directed to promote social refinement, domestic virtues, and humble piety.'—That such is the influence of the Magazine, is attested by the fact that for seven years it has been supported by American ladies—a class of readers who would lend their patronage for such a length of time to no publication of a tendency other than that of this Magazine has been. Until the depression of last winter, Mrs Hale had no cause of complaint. She is a lady—Editor—and one of the proprietors. As a lady she knows what matter to furnish for a Ladies'-Magazine; (sharing herself, she has enlisted the aid of talented contributors. W.

Ladies' Companion, *New York.* Improving every number—no time to say more,—had only enough to add, that the lines headed 'Bunker Hill, by John Neal,' though very good poetry were not written by him. We *doubt* any he wishes they had been—we do. N.

Hon. Daniel Webster was nominated a candidate for the Presidency at a Legislative caucus on Wednesday evening.

LEGISLATION.

'In a multitude of counsellors, there is safety,'—Ergo, the Laws of Massachusetts should be the best and safest enactments ever made upon earth—for her House of Representatives probably outnumbers any law-making assembly on the footstool. We were led into a few considerations the other day, respecting the price which is paid for wisdom. Mr ——, the member from ——, in descanting upon one of the standing topics which are, or have been, (it is only a case supposed you know)—such a matter of importance for instance, as the Shad and Alewives in Taunton River,—broad rimmed wheels, or bears and wild cats; drops an observation which is supposed by the member from ——, to reflect upon his constituents. Whereupon he, the said member from ——, though usually a *thinking* member, feels himself called upon to rise, and in a tremendous oratorical effort of one minute, thirty-five seconds, expresses his astonishment that the gentleman from —— could so far forget the dignity of the august assembly, as to indulge in a reflection upon any portion of the sovereign people of this Commonwealth. That expression of astonishment is not lightly to be passed over, for it costs the State only about ten dollars the minute for the time spent in uttering, and calling the members to order from the confusion into which the explosion of the gentleman's wit in his rejoinder, has thrown them. And on the next day, having conned and prepared a lengthy reply, to follow up his short burst, the member tries to gag it into a debate on pedlars and petty chapmen, and is again *astonished* by being called to order by the chair. A motion to adjourn costs about ten dollars,—and a debate on economy in a monetary matter of $400 or less, is debated at an expense of $2000, and passed, if passed, at the cost of a thousand more—reckoning about three hours to the working day, as at present.

Seriously. It is time our state were relieved from the onerous burden of such an unnecessarily full representation. Suppose (it is not a supposable case we are aware,) but suppose each one of the six hundred and odd members were to take it into his head to speak upon the Catamount question? Before any order could be taken thereon, Legislation upon the subject would become unnecessary, for the hour would arrive, spoken of by them of olden time, when the lion shall quietly lie down with the lamb; legislating against catamounts would then be like making it penal for lambs feloniously and maliciously to assault wolves.

The remedy of the evil rests with those who are benefitted by it,—but we trust that some movement towards the removal of the burden will be made by the present legislature. Not only is such a tremendous house a disadvantage in view of its expense, but for other considerations. The Representative, unless he be a man of extraordinary influence, does, in fact count less among such a horde of legislators, than in his own town, and becomes lost in the crowd, instead of distinguished. The multitude impede the progress of the Law Manufactory, and piles up at the end of a needlessly protracted session a still accumulating mass of unfinished business. W.

POST OFFICE IMPARTIALITY.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

There is an old story in Noah Webster's Third Part, or the American Preceptor, we forget which, about a farmer and a lawyer. My unlucky bull, quoth the farmer, has gored one of your oxen to death—what is to be done?—Pay the value of the ox, quoth the lawyer. Ah! but now I think of it, said the farmer, it was *your* bull and *my* ox. Oh, ho! said the lawyer, taking a pinch of snuff probably, or lugging out a folio from its chamber of cobwebs,—Oh, ho! *circumstances alter cases*, we must look into this thing. Now, joking apart, we have never been able to perceive whether the lawyer aforesaid was unreasonable. We are pretty safe in taking a man's evidence *against* himself—not altogether so safe in taking it *for* himself.

But circumstances *do* alter cases—that's a fact. And now for the proof. There's a provision of law, whereby *printers* are allowed to receive papers free of postage. Having an idea that *Printers* mean *Editors*, (in practice if not in theory) we called on the new Postmaster at Portland, to enquire whether, as senior Editor of the Galaxy, we should be allowed to receive our papers free of postage, they being of course necessary to the object had in view by the framers of the law—to wit, the spread of newspaper knowledge. The answer was courteous and satisfactory. For the present you may, sir, as there have already been two decisions in your favor on application to the post-master General by the parties interested, but I shall have to write him soon, and I will mention your case to him in my letter. You shall be informed, if 'a charge' is ordered. On further enquiry, we found the two cases *in our favor*, to be that of Mr. Frances O. J. Smith, when Editor of the Age, and residing elsewhere, and the Rev. Menzies Rayner, when he resided at Portland, while his paper was published at Hartford. Both of them are—or were at the time the decision was made—red-hot Jacksonmen. We are red hot t'other way. Of course, we were not greatly astonished to receive a copy of the following note from the 'Ass-Post-Master-General.' We take his own words for it, directed to Mr. Todd, in reply to his enquiry.

'Post Office Department,
Northern Division, Jan. 13, 1835.

Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 2d instant, I have to state that it is the regulation of the Department that exchange papers shall be delivered but at one place free of postage, to wit—*the place of publication.*

I am respectfully, your ob't servant.
S. R. Hobbie,
Ass. P. M. Gen'l.

To Thos. Todd, Esq. P. M.
Portland, Me.

Verily, verily, but circumstances do alter cases. Our anti-Jacksonism will cost us a pretty penny at this rate, unless our brother editors have mercy on us—and our brother scribblers pay their own postage when they forward pamphlets, &c. to the Senior Editor at Portland.

Tremont Theatre. The engagement of Miss F. Jarman and Mr. Ternan concluded last evening, when Mr. Ternan took a benefit. The House was crowded. The choice of boxes was sold at auction in the forenoon, at the Saloon of the Theatre, the sums offered amounting to 126 dollars. Miss Jarman's benefit on Monday night last was a bumper. The Transcript states that the treasurer's receipts for the first nine nights, were much larger than for the same number of nights that Miss Kemble performed. The two last nights did not by any means diminish the difference. We are pleased to learn that her engagement will be renewed in the spring. She now returns to the Philadelphians, with their approval unconditionally endorsed by Bostonians.

Mrs. G. Barrett.—We were going to style her an *old* favorite—but her appearance belies the adjective, and old father Time himself has hesitated to blot anything of her age, though as an actress Bostonians have known her fifteen years. She is still the grave or gay,—the accomplished, finished, and apparently youthful actress. In the multivarious departments of her profession in which a stock actress must appear, now the votary of Thalia, and then of Melpomene,—now in a commanding character in the cast, and anon the representative of insignificant personages, Mrs. Barrett has uniformly appeared to advantage,—and had she been a wandering star, only occasionally visiting us, she would have shared much of the hearty applause which has greeted those who are not like her, 'of us, and among us.' Let the patrons of the Drama pay on Monday night the substantial compliment of a bumper to one of the best actresses on the American stage. W.

(1)—We mean to reply to our brother, the Junior-Editor of this paper, next week, on the matter of Phrenology; meanwhile we beg leave to notice that a society, originating with a few young, sensible and spirited girls, but extending itself until it included a number of scientific men is actually established in Portland, Maine, for study of Phrenology. There's for you. N.

Isaac Fiddler, the 'fiddle-de-dee,' is said to have cleared some £500 in Great Britain by the sale of his book on our 'Domestic Manners.' The church-going old sinner is not so much to blame after all, for having no 'manners' of his own to speculate on, it was a matter of necessity with him to raise the wind on ours.

The above paragraph, from the N. York Spirit of the Times, is as tough an item as we have seen for a long while. We have good authority for saying that a book of travels was never published in the city of London that fell so still-born from the press as this identical 'Tour in the United States,' of the Rev Isaac Fidler, DD. W.

'PHRENOLOGY *IS* MATERIALISM,'

So saith the Christian Examiner, and who shall gainsay the Christian Examiner? One of the commonest faults of the overwise hath ever been to look *too far*; in other words, to *overlook* the natural and the obvious, while stretching their necks after the distant and the obscure. Disdaining the helps of Earth, and reaching vainly after those of the Sky—what wonder if they sometimes—

——' Wear
Their strength away in wrestling with the air!'

In other words, if instead of carrying a lantern o' nights, when they are all abroad in a strange country, with quagmires, man-traps and pit-falls besetting their paths on every side, they insist upon pursuing their way by the constellations of the sky, what wonder if they find themselves (or are found by their friends) at the bottom of a ditch now and then—keel upwards. People who are always on the look-out for mischief or mystery, where others are content with plain common-sense, and the natural interpretation of the phenomena that surround them, are apt to get snubbed occasionally, in turning a short corner. While both hands are abroad, fumbling for ghosts or hobgoblins, ten to one but their noses bring them up against a half-open door.

All who believe in *dispositions, propensities, tendencies, peculiarities*, or *characteristics*, are neither more nor less, according to the Christian Examiner, than *Materialists*; though possibly without knowing it themselves, or even suspecting it! Here lies a book, right open at a passage, worth translating in illustration. It is '*Muelernus Theatre.*' Ingurd, King of the Normans, has just appeared in the camp of his mortal enemy, Alf, King of the Danes unattended and unexpected. Having declared his purposes, while they stand gazing upon him in amazement and consternation, he adds—

Ich merk es wohl; *ihr* koennt mir nicht versteha—
Ihr seid im Staub *geblieben*, gie *geboren*.
Mir ward's so wohl nicht. Auf des Leben's Hoehn
Hat mich das Schicksal—hat mich Gott geruten!
Und—abgebrochen hinter mir die Stufen,
Gelt's eine Welt, ich kann zurueck nicht gehn,—

Which being freely translated into good, rough, wholesome and hearty English, meaneth—

I see it well. *Ye* cannot understand me.
Ye, as ye're *born, continue*—in the dust.
Not so with me. Up to Life's topmost height,
Hath Destiny—hath God himself me called;
And having cast the scaffolding away,
Though't cost a world, I could not now go back.

To which Alf replies—

Ihr *wollt* nicht, Ingurd, euer stolzer Sinn
Mag sich fuer's Recht der Herschaft nicht etkleiden.
Thou *will* not Ingurd; for thy haughty soul
Holds it not right Dominion to cast off.

At this moment, Oscar, the poet, (and the Phrenologist!) and the rightful heir to Ingurd's crown, breaks forth as follows—

Er *kann* nicht, Ohm! Oscar begreifet ihn.
From Hoechsten

CHEESE PARINGS.

RING-A-HEAD. Strange that the same combination of words, should mean *foresight, nitting*, and the study of character, Phrenologically speaking.

L.O.O.T. What a capital thing such a fellow as Hood, Cruikshank, or Johnston, might make of these four letters. Elderblow-tea is an acknowledged specific for every thing but a love-cramp or a chin-cough. But L.O.O.T. properly read has the same virtue. Perhaps you may have heard of the *bran-tea*, presented to a poor Dutch woman, who was found dead drunk at the next visit of her doctor. owing to her Dutch pronunciation.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. used to say that metaphors derived from artificial things were worthless and inferior in comparison with those derived from nature.—We do not pretend to give his language. Now *Quere.*—Flowers are set to resemble flowers; are prized *in proportion to their resemblance.*—Resemblance to what? To that is inferior.—The costliest thing in nature therefore, a diamond, may be likened to the most trivial, and artificial flower, with advantage and propriety. Q.E.D.—There's for you Dr Johnson!

HOW TO GET A BARGAIN. Pretend on entering a shop, that you have already purchased and are afraid you have been cheated. Fifty to one the shopkeeper tries to convince you of the fact, by offering his own goods at half price. *Buy them.*

How to make a Jew hang himself—or turn Christian, without knowing it (or perhaps a Materialist.) A thorough-bred old clothes dealer of London, will cheat you first, in the price—then in the tale or measure—then in adding to—then in making change—and after all perhaps put off a bad shilling or two upon you. But don't be discouraged. After the bargain is completed—pocket-books in places—both parties buttoned up, contrive to let fall as if by accident that you had made up your mind to sell for a crown what he has just paid you a sovereign for: and bless you, there's an end of the Jew, one of two thing's he infallibly dies before night—hangs himself, or turns Christian and eats on a larger and a safer scale perhaps by the infusion of spirits uncontaminated by alcohol.

The Jew boys of London are famous fellows for a trick. They are always provided with bad sixpences for change. A friend walked up to one who sold oranges—they were very scarce and high at the time—and laying down a guinea began to chaffer. The eyes of the young Israelite were like live coals.—He sold for a penny a-piece, what he had just paid three-pence for. The bargain made, the oranges tied up, the purchaser returned the guinea to his pocket, and drawing forth a handful of ha'pence, paid for the oranges with them!—The Jew-boy looked sheepish, and his friend went his way rejoicing. The next day he found the gold guinea in his pocket, and nobody ever knew how it got there: not even my friend, who took a mortal antipathy to Jew-boys about that time, and *never repeated the story.*

N.

HAYDN'S CELEBRATED PHILHARMONIC GAME, or easy method of composing an infinite variety of pleasing Airs for the Piano Forte or other instruments. Adapted to the use of those unacquainted with the science of music. Its object is apparent from the title, and its publishers, Messrs Comer and Ostinelli, are so well and widely known as experienced and skilful musicians, that their names are a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the typographical execution.

ERRATA. *Phrenology.*—Instead of *singular* extraordinary, please read *extraordinary*, and draw your pen through, instead of *under* the word 'singular,' as we did in a hurry. Instead of 'Other reports have been published, more of a nature to render this worthy of particular attention,' please read—*none* of a nature to render this unworthy of particular attention.

In Dumont's Bentham, Chap. II, last poragraph, for 'To lay down the principle that all men ought to be equal in their rights, would be of the natural consequences are weighed against render all *subordination* impossible,' please read,—would be, &c.—to render all *Legislation* impossible. The truth is, our penmanship is none of the best when we are in a bad luck. And again, 'For Jeremy Bentham was neither a Colonizationist nor *anti*-Colonizationist, please read—he was neither a Colonizationist, nor *anti*-colonization-ist.

N.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CITY AFFAIRS. At a Meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

Petition of the South Cove Corporation, that the line of certain streets which run through their land, may be altered.

Petition of Daniel Baxter and others, that the avenue leading from Bedford street through Chauncy place to Summer street, be opened as a street and highway. Referred.

The Mayor communicated two communications from the Visitors of the Franklin and Boylston schools, respecting the overcrowded state of those schools. Referred.

The subject of revising the jury box, and selecting a list of persons liable and qualified to serve as jurors in the several courts, was referred to the whole Board, with instructions to report such lists, conformable to law.

Wm Willett and David Tillson, declined a re-election as Engineers of the Fire Department,

Monday next was assigned for the choice of Chief and other Engineers.

Engine No 11 was ordered to be stationed at East Boston, when a company has been formed to take charge of the same.

Jerome V. C. Smith, M. D. was re-elected Resident Physician, and John Minot, Island Keeper at Rainsford Island.

John R. Bradford and Ebenezer Clough, were elected City Weighers; the first for the northern, and the latter for the southern district.

The several petitions praying leave to stand with trucks and carts in South Market street; not granted.

FIRE. On Friday morning, about half past three o'clock, a fire broke out in the last and finding store of Mr T. K. Wadleigh, Elm street. It probable caught from a gas stove, the sparks coming in contact with the fastenings of the lasts attached to the ceiling. The noise made by the falling awoke a person sleeping under the store. It was extinguished without a general alarm. Damage estimated at 1000.—*Trans.*

Intelligence has been received by the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, that two of the Missionaries of that Board, the Rev Messrs Samuel Munson and Henry Lyman, were murdered by the Malays, while on their way from Tappanooly into the interior of Sumatra.

Mr Booth is not dead, as reported; he is at Peteasburg.

UNION CENTRAL AMERAICA. Guatemola papers to Oct 1st received at New Orleans, represent every thing as at present time quiet. San Martin and Flores, who attempted to screen the civil war in the States of San Salvador and Guatemala, were completely routed by Morazan, and compelled to desist from their purpose. This victory of the Federal troops, says El Mississippi, a Spanish paper in New Orleans, will doubtless convince this feeble faction of the superiority of the federal government, both in a physical and moral point.—*Jour Com.*

The venerable father of James Sheridan Knowles, has published an English Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary, of the English language, containing 42,613 more words than Walker's.

The collection taken on Sunday evening at the Old South Church, for the benefit of the Howard Benevolent Society, amounted to $372.

The Brunswick Pioneer says, there is a verbal report in circulation that Longfellow is about to leave Bowdoin College having received in appointment at Harvard College.

NEW YEAR'S PRESENT. The distinguished artist Greenough, whose fine statues adorn the Capitol, presented a colossal Bust of the President to him on the 8th. It was executed in Italy, of the finest marble, from a model taken by the artist before leaving this country some six years ago. The likeness is good and the sculpture excellent. It is the best Bust of the President ever executed.

John Ripley, the representative elect to Congress from the second district, was most brutally assaulted by four individuals. As the transaction is likely to become the subject of judicial investigation, we forbear from making any comments.—*N. Orleans Bee.*

A shocking accident occurred in the family of J. W. Otis Esq of this city, which was near being attended with fatal consequences, It appears (from general rumour) that Mr Otis had occasion, a few days since, to leave town, and during his absence, that some person left at his house, and for the same, some ground coffee, by way of a sample. This coffee was used and the whole family, 7 or 8 in number, narrowly escaped being *poisoned to death!* Happily, however, they are now out of danger. If there be any suspicion that this dreadful deed was wilfully perpetrated, no effort should be spared to bring to justice the diabolical author.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

CONGRESS.

Monday Jan 12. In Senate—The bill for granting indemnity to U.S. citizens for spoliations committed by France prior to 1800 being before the Senate, Mr Bibb spoke at length in opposition. Mr Shepley moved to amend the Bill so as to make the appropriation five millions, to which Mr Webster had no objection. The amendment was then agreed to, but on motion of Mr Webster the final question on the passage of the bill was postponed to Monday next.

In the House, the consideration of Mr Chilton's resolution, that the Committee on Roads and Canals be instructed to inquire and report their opinion to the House, of the most equal and just method of applying the revenues of the country to public improvements was resumed. Bills making appropriations for the payment of pensions, for the Indian Department, and for the Navy, were read a third time and passed. The Army Appropriation Bill came up on its third reading, but before the question was taken, the House adjourned.

Wednesday, Jan 13. In Senate—Mr Webster presented the memorial of sundry Merchants of Boston, setting forth the inconveniences of the Custom House in this city, and praying the erection of a new one. Several bills from the House were appropriately referred, and others of little public interest passed. The special order of the day, Mr Clay's resolution:

'That it is inexpedient, at this time, to pass any law vesting in the President authority for making reprisals upon French property, in the contingency of provision not being made for paying to the United States the indemnity stipulated by the treaty of 1831, during the present session of the French Chambers.'

Coming up, Mr Clay spoke long in defence of the ground taken in the report, and of the Resolution. He was followed by Mr King, who, without assenting to the report of Mr Clay in most particulars, wished so to amend the resolution as to make it pass by an unanimous vote—proposing as an amendment by striking out all after the word 'Resolved,' and inserting the words,

"That as the French Chambers have been convened earlier than was expected by the President of the U. S. at the opening of the present session of Congress, it is inexpedient to pass any law relating to the treaty of 1831, until further information shall be received from France."

Mr Clay accepted the amendment in part, objecting to some particulars. Mr Webster proposed the form in which the resolution was passed after some debate, in which Messrs Webster, Buchanan, Cuthbert, King, Leigh, Calhoun and Clayton took part. The yeas were 45; the resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That it is inexpedient at present to adopt any legislative measure in regard to the state of affairs between the U. States and France.

In the House—Resolutions were passed relative to the subject of preventing fraud and obtaining evidence respecting pension claims. The Army Appropriation Bill was read a third time and passed, and the House in Committee of the whole then went into consideration of the Appropriation Bills for Fortifications heretofore commenced.

Thursday, Jan 15. In Senate,—the joint resolution, providing for the amendment of the Constitution, in relation to the election of President and Vice President of the United States, was taken up for consideration, and after some remarks by Mr Benton, Poindexter and Buchanan, laid on the table.

In the House, nothing of enterest was done.

Friday, Jan 16. In Senate,—Mr Benton submitted a resolution, (which lies on the table a day,) that the report of the Committee on Finance, under the resolution of the Senate, to investigate the affairs and conduct of the Bank of the United States, in which report was made on the 18th of December, 1834, be recommitted, with instructions to renew and complete the inquiries into the subjects mentioned in the resolution.

In the House,—A resolution passed requesting the President to communicate to the House any correspondence that may have taken place between the Government and that of Spain respecting the act of Congress, passed on the 30th day of June, 1834, entitled 'An act concerning tonnage duty on Spanish vessels.'

Saturday Jan 17, The Senate did not sit.

In the House, a resolution was reported by the Committee on Revolutionary Claims, requiring the Secretary of State to deliver to the Secretary of War, whenever they shall come into his possession, such of the papers purchased of the heirs of Gen Washington, as may be of service in the adjustment of pension claims. Its consideration was postponed till Monday. A resolution was adopted, calling on the war department for an abstract of all accounts and claims for compensation and allowance during two last fiscal years, of the officers of the army, from the generals to captains, and of all officers attached to the engineer and topographical departments. Another resolution was adopted, calling on the navy department for similar information, relative to the compensation and allowances of various officers of the navy.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Saturday, Jan, 17. In Senate—Sundry petitions were presented and severally referred in concurrence.

The accounts of the expenditures for improvements and furniture of the Senate Chamber, were received from the Clerk. Mr Williams, for the committee, reported that said accounts were accurately cast, well vouched, and in conformity with the resolves by which they had been authorized. The committee reported a resolve for the payment of said improvements, &c. accepted

In the House, the committee to whom was referred the subject of an order introduced by Mr Pierce, proposing to limit the time for receiving evidence of contested elections, reported, that an order on the same is at present wholly inexpedient. Report laid on the table.

Petitions for sundry purposes were presented and referred.

On motion of Mr Allen of Newburyport, Tuesday, the 27th inst, at 11 o'clock, was assigned for the choice of a Senator to Congress, in place of Hon Nathaniel Silsbee, whose term of service expires on the 3d of March, 1835.

Leave to withdraw, on petitions of Lot Mason and Ebenezer Luce.

Bill to incorporate the Beverly Academy, passed to 3d reading; to establish a Fire Department in New Bedford. passed to be engrossed.

Order of notice on petitions of Ebenezer Franklin, J. W. Revere, and Thos C. Amory Jr.

Monday Jan 19. In Senate—The resolve to pay for furniture for the Senate Chamber was read again and passed in concurrence.

The Bill incorporating the Worcester Hotel Company was laid on the table. The bill was afterwards taken up, and referred to the Committee on Manufactures.

The Report of the Attorney General on the order of the 12th inst, in relation to the bridges and avenues leading to the city of Boston, which was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed

In the House, The committee on Public Buildings reported an order to provide suitable accommodation for reporters and on motion of Mr Watts, the committee were ordered to proceed forthwith to make said provisions.

Petition of Mr Price, et al, of New Bedford, for an alteration in the law relating to insolvent debtors.

Sundry petitions severally referred.

Mr Woods of Mendon introduced a resolve proposing an amendment of the Constitution so far as relates to the reduction of the number of Representatives; laid on the table. The resolve was afterwards taken up and referred to a select committee.

A resolve for the pay of the furniture of the Senate Chamber: passed in concurrence.

Bill to incorporate the Boyden Malleable Cast Iron and Steel company; passed to 2d reading.

Bill to incorporate the Beverly Academy: passed to be engrossed.

Tuesday Jan 20. In Senate—A bill from the House to incorporate the Beverly Academy; referred to the committee on Education.

Petition of Wilkinson & Pratt for leave to extend their wharf; referred to committee on Mercantile Affairs, &c. and sent down.

Order of notice on petition of the town of Chester; passed in concurrence.

Bill to incorporate the Boston Rice Mill Company, which had passed to a second reading, was taken into a new draft.

Bill to incorporate the Boston Asylum and Farm School &c. passed over.

Petitions of Luke Fiske, et al. for a Bank in Waltham,—of Wm A crocker, et al. of New-Bedford, for incorporation of Manufacturing purposes—of Anna Corning, widow of Benj Corning, a revolutionary soldier, for relief—of sundry inhabitants of Andover for a Bank in the North Parish of said town—of the India Fire and Marine Insurance Company for an extension of the time for the payment of the Capital Stock—severally referred.

Ordered, that the committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Supreme Judicial Court and Courts of Common Pleas, to empanuel special Juries at their discretion.

Ordered, that the Committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency of altering the law relative to the attachment of real estate—also, that the same committee inquire if any and what alteration is necessary in the law relative to the practice of law, and as regards special pleading.

Wednesday Jan 21. In Senate—It was ordered that the Stationary for the same be furnished by the Clerk.

Mr Russell submitted an order that Wednesday, the 28th inst, at 11 o'clock, be assigned for the choice, on the part of the Senate, of a Senator in the Congress of the United States. Laid on the table.

The remaining business was principally in concurrence with the House.

In the House—The committee on Education were ordered to report what compensation should be made to Professor Hitchcock for his services in preparing a second edition of the Survey of the Commonwealth.

On motion of Mr Brown, of Winchendon, ordered that the Committee on Agriculture inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the destruction of *Bears* and *Wild Cats.*

A bill to establish a Fire Department in the town of Worcester, was reported, and after some discussion passed to a second reading, and ordered to be printed.

Bills to incorporate the Boston India Rubber Company; also the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company; passed to be engrossed.

Thursday, Jan 22. In Senate—Bill reported to incorporate the Essex Insurance Co; the Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co; Bill relating to the Three River Bridge in the town of Palmer; resolve for the payment for militia services; Bill incorporating the Worcester Hotel Co. was taken into a new draft, Accepted, sent down.

On motion of Mr Russell—the order to assign a time for making choice of a Senator in the Congress of the United States, was taken up, and before the question thereon, it was, on motion of Mr Dexter, again laid on the table.

In the House—Ordered, that the report of the Commissioners on the Pauper System, appointed at the last session be printed for the use of the members.

The committee on Public Buildings reported on the subject of expenses, and repairs on the State House for the past year. Referred to a select committee.

Several orders were submitted and passed relative to the more equal destribution of the Property of Insolvent Debtors, and also relative to the mode of making assignments of the same.

Committee reported that it is inexpedient to legislate on the subject of amending an act establishing "the Law of the road;" also on the subject of authorizing Courts to empanel special juries, accepted.

A debate of considerable length as well as interest occurred on the introduction of the following order by Mr Eustis of Boston:

Ordered, that the Messenger be authorized to prevent the distribution of pamphlets, papers and handbills in the House unless the same be done under his direction.

It was finally referred to Messrs Eustis, Keyes and Robinson, to which Messrs Williams and Russell of the Senate were joined.

Friday, Jan 23. In Senate—The business was rather unimportant; chiefly in concurrence with the House,

In the House,—An order of the Senate relating to the destribution of the report of the commissioners on the Revised Statues, passed in concurrence.

The whole morning was occupied by a discussion on an order submitted, relative to a repeal of the law abolishing Imprisonment for Debt.

The order proposed a repeal of the laws of 1830 and '34, relating to Imprisonment for Debt, and also the act of the last session relating to the extension of jail limits. It was proposed to refer the same to a joint committee.

It was opposed by Messrs Everett, Parsons, Robinson, and others.

Mr Bigelow moved a division of the question, which, after a long debate! was carried, and, on the question being taken, the two first propositions of the order were negatived and the subject of extending jail limits passed, and was referred to Messrs Tyler, Adams, and Everett.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Benj Goddard Esq, of Brookline, to Catherine Brown; Lucian M. Fletcher to Margaret Jane Welch; Gilbert E. Whitson to Appha Bodge; Daniel Colby Jr to Elizabeth Winch; John R. Mullen to Margaret Hutchman; Carleton Packer to Louisa Geyer; G. C. Jacobs, of the firm of Spaulding & Jacobs, to Mary Ann Marsh; George C. Piper to Susan Stuart; Capt Asa Eldredge, of Yarmouth, to Eliza Hallet; Wm Hamill to Cathnrine Power.

At Roxbury, M. V. Arnold, of Quincy, to Sarah Murdock daughter of the late Ebenezer Dudley.

At Cambridgeport, John Stone to Ellen Grigge; Royal Douglass, of the firm of R. & R. Douglass, to Eliza M. Fairbanks.

At Brookline, Geo Searle to Mrs Susan C, Hooper.

At Lexington, J. M. Johnson to Susan Clapp.

At Waltham, Frederick Lawrence to Jane Isabella, daughter of Leonard Smith Esq.

At Hingham, Geo Schofield to Nancy Damon.

At Salem, Augustus Becaet to Hannah Johnson; Aaron Holmes to Abigail Hammond.

At Beverly, Charles Moulton to Matilda H. Lummus.

At Concord, N. H. John T. Ross, of this city, to Nancy G. Wiggin.

At New York, Charles Blinn, of the U. S. Navy, to Mrs Maria Woods,

At Batavia, Java, F. Van Braam Morris, son of the late Staats Morris, of New York, to Theodora Francoise, daughter of Hon D. F. W. Pietermant resident of Batavia.

DEATHS.

In this city, Lucretia Ann F. wife of David M. Roberts, 26; Nathaniel Phillips, 85; Phillip Ammidon Jr, 30; Mrs Betsey Cross, 53, formerly of Derry, N. H; Elizabeth Ann daughter of Thomas Somerby, formerly of Newburyport, 16; Mrs Elizabeth Dinmore, 81.

At her residence near Boston, Mrs M, widow of the late Hon Matthew Cobb, 72.

At East Cambridge, Marvin Marcy. 45.

At Jamaica Plains, Elizabeth, wife of Wm Holmes, 45.

At Dorchester, Mrs Patty, widow of the late Capt Benj Brunsdon, of Milton, 65.

At Chelsea. Arthur Somerby, formerly of Newburyport; Delia Torry, 12 mos, child of Mason J. Chapin.

At Brookline, Susan Elizabeth, daughter of Abijah W. Goddard, 6 weeks.

At Watertown, Samuel Barry, 74.

At Medford, Gershom Tufts, 68.

At Salem, Hamilton D. Reynolds, 61; Philadelphia, wife of Robert Moore. 31.

At Hingham, Samuel Hobart Jr, 29.

At Rowley, Rev Henry C. Knight, 43.

At Danvers, John Fitzgerald, a native of Ireland, 93; for 24 years an inmate of the almshouse in D.

At Ipswich, Sarah Dodge, 54.

At Truro, Samuel Atkins, 87.

At Amherst, N. H. Rev Jeremiah Barnard, 84, senior pastor of the Congregational Church in that town. Mr B. was ordained March 3d 1780, and had been settled almost 55 years.

At Gorham, Me, Ephraim Smith Esq 94; he was native of Truro, Cape Cod, and was one of the daring 'Tea Boys.'

At Providence, Nath'l Ames, son of Fisher Ames Esq, of Dedham,

At New York, Wm Tucker, carpenter a native of Massachusetts, near Boston, 47.

At Norfolk, Va, Lt Wm Taylor of the U. S. Navy.

At Wetumpka, Alabama, Aaron Gardiner, of this city, 64.

In Aug last, Seth Lothrop, a native of this city, in proceeding up the river Thames, New Zealand in an open boat trading, was drowned, with two companions.

At Mayguez, Porto Rico, Capt Thomas Dalton, of schr Mary Jane.

Lost overboard, from schr Andsew of Boston, from Florida for Ocracock, Obadiah Coombs, of Maine, seaman.

PROSPECTUS
OF VOLUME EIGHTEEN OF THE
NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.
JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,
EDITORS.

THE Eighteenth Volume of the *GALAXY*, will commence on the third of January, 1835. In accordance with a promise given not long since, that the paper should advance in literary merit in proportion as it gained in public favor, we have spared no pains or expense to render it worthy of patronage; PRIZES have been paid for a successful TALE & POEM and a liberal remuneration has been given for Original Articles During the last four months there have been published in the columns of the paper no less than SIXTEEN *Original Tales*, and TWENTY ONE *Original Poems*, together with Sketches, Essays, &c., making in all probably a greater quantity of Original matter than has been given of the same quality in any other paper in the United States.

The fact that these exertions have been met by an increase of names upon our subscription list, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations has induced us to engage the services of JOHN NEAL, Esq, of Portland, who will hereafter be associated with H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq, the present editor; in addition to which we offer for Original Articles the following

PRIZES.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE:
FIFTY DOLLARS.
For the best ORIGINAL POEM;
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.
For the best *Article on a Humorous Subject*;
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The manuscripts may be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, Boston, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following.—The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name;' and the directions of the successful writers only will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the Editors of the Galaxy

TERMS OF THE GALAXY. Three dollars per annum, in advance. As we have no agents, persons at a distance who wish the paper can enclose the amount by mail.—Postmasters and others who may forward the names of four subscribers and twelve dollars, shall receive a fifth copy gratis; or a reasonable commission.

MASTERS & MARDEN.
Boston Dec 20th 1834. No 38 Court Street.

LAST MONTH
EXHIBITION
OF
GREENOUGH'S NEW MARBLE GROUP
IS OPEN AT
AMORY HALL, (Corner of Washington & West str'ts.)

☞ Admission 25 cts. Season Tickets 50 cts.

N. B.—The entire proceeds of this Exhibition are appropriated by the Artist, for the Benefit of Seamen's children and other charitable purposes, under the direction of the Rev E. T. Taylor. dec 20

THE FIREMEN'S
INSURANCE COMPANY.

HAVE removed their office from No 13 State street, on the south side, to No 20, on the north side—being the same room lately occupied by the Mercantile Marine Insurance Company, under the office of the 'Daily Atlas,' and opposite City Hall. S. G. ROGERS Jr, Sec'y.
jan 17 1mis

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm of WEBSTER, CHASE & BRADLEY, was by mutual consent dissolved on the first inst. WEBSTER & CHASE are duly authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

WEBSTER & CHASE.
Boston, Jan 10, 1835 CHARLES BRADLEY.

WEBSTER & CHASE have associated with themselves as partner, Mr MOSES D. KIMBALL, under the firm of WEBSTER CHASE & CO, and will continue the Dry Goods Importing and Jobbing Business at Stores No 16 Kilby and 7 Devon Street.

WEBSTER & CHASE.
Boston, Jan 10, 1835 MOSES D. KIMBALL.
jan 17 1mis

☞ All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully give notice to his friends and the public that he continues to transact business at the late stand of Newhall & Hathorne, 1st and 2d doors East of Lynn Hotel. A continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed is respectfully solicited. J. R. NEWHALL.
Lynn, Nov 22

ON HAND.

AT the store 1st and 2nd Doors East of Lynn Hotel, an extensive assortment of ENGLISH FRENCH, INDIA and AMERICAN GOODS. Also every article in the BOOK and STATIONARY LINE, For sale at unusually low prices.
Lynn, Nov 22.

STRAW BOARD.

FARLESS & WESTON have for sae at their Paper Store Neptune street, Salem, STRAW PASTE BOARD of Superior quality. Also TARRED SHEATHING PAPER a good article for keeping out wind and wet.

The above articles will be delivered at Lynn free of expense.
Salem, Dec 20 eop6w

REMOVAL.
WILLIAM CROSS, *TAILOR.*

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the shop formerly occupied by Joseph P. Jackson, directly opposite the First Methodist Meeting House, where he would invite all those that feel disposed, to give him their support, that he engages to fulfil all orders in his line of business with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors and a continuance solicited.

N. B. Garments cut and made are warranted or no compensation required
Lynn, June 28 tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Cambletts, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.
ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L, feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

YARN, SOCKS.

1000 PAIR Woolen Socks, also a large lot of White and Colored Yarn, Woolen Mittens Gloves, Comforters, &c, &c., all of which goods will be sold at the store, 1st and 2nd doors East of Lynn Hotel.
Lynn dec 6

LYNN MECHANICS FIRE
AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law, and that they continue to make FIRE INSURANCE, for any amount not exceeding $3500 on one risk, and Marine Insurance, for any amount not exceeding $3500 on one risk, at their office, Lynn Mechanics Bank.

MICAJAH C. PRATT, President.
A. RHODES, Sec'y
Lynn, April 5. tf

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE.

THE Selectmen of Lynn will be in session at the Selectmen's Room, on the first Monday in each month from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M.
Lynn. july 19 tf SAM'L NEAL, Chairman.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, JR,
TAILOR.
MASONIC SQUARE, LYNN.

CONTINUE to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, and in the best style. Having none but first rate workmen, he feels confident that all garments made by him will suffer nothing by comparison with those from the first tailoring establishments in the city. Terms, *Cash.* All orders gratefully received.

Gentlemen's Vestings, Stock, Collars, &c &c, constantly on hand for sale.

WANTED, as above—A number of small Job Makers; none but the best—to whom the highest price will be given
Lynn, April 12.

UNION FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, IN LYNN,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law and that they continue to make Fire Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk; and Marine Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk, at their office in Nahant Bank Building.

H. A. BREED, President.
ISAAC STORY, Secretary.
Lynn, April 5. tf

BUTTER, CHEESE, FIGS,
WINES, &c.

50 PACKAGES New York Goshen Butter, extra—50 do do Cheese do—1000 drums superior Elma Figs—50 baskets Champaigne, Old Sherry and Madeira Wine—200 M superior Cigars, of different qualities—200 bags superior Salt—50 boxes Dun Fish—100 half chests superior Souchong Tea—10 pipes Weesp Imperial Gin, extra—20 chests Pearl Sago, extra quality—with a great variety of other articles, for sale at No 28 Merchants' Row, by
jan 17 2mis CURTIS GUILD.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A NEW two story House, pleasantly situated on 3d street, South Boston, containing five rooms, with good out buildings, &c.—for terms apply to S. R. ALLEN 110 Milk street. 6t jan 16

LAND ON WASHINGTON ST
FOR SALE.

A LOT of Land pleasantly situated on Washington street a little south of Northampton street; contains 24, 60 feet all of which is suitable for house lots—will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to S. R. ALLEN, 110 Milk street. 6t jan 17

ACCORDIONS.

AMERICAN manufactured Accordions with *extra Keys* for sale by JOSEPH L. BATES.
6 Court street near Washington street.
☞ Accordions tuned and repaired.
jan 17

EMBROIDERED CRAPE
SCARFS.

THE subscriber has just received on Consignment 4 boxes containing 40 Embroidered Nankin Crape Scarfs.

The above very beautiful article is the first of the kind in this Country. Price $5 each.
jan 3 4tis E. K. WHITAKER.

MORE NEW CRAVATS.

1 CASE Rich English Silk Cravats, received this day Nov 22, of entire new and fashionable patterns.
J. G. WYMAN,
nov22 71 Washington street.

WINDOW GLASS.

1500 BOXES of Baltimore. Waterford and German Window Glass, of all sizes from 6-8 to 24-30. Also, Painters Oil and Color, constantly for sale at HENDERSON'S Window Glass and Paint Store, No 75 Union Street 6m sept 20

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO, have received the following interesting publications:

Leisure Hours; edited by an Association of gentlemen

The Sabbath Day Book for Boys and Girls; by the editors of the American Popular Library.

The Family Story Book; compiled by the editors of the Popular Library.

The Week Day Book for Boys and Girls; by the editors of the Popular Library

Adam, the Gardener; Juvenile Popular Library; conducted by an Association of Gentlemen.

The Value of Time, a tale for children, by Mrs Barwell

The Value of Money, by the same. Both of those new and excellent works with engravings.

The Evergreen, by W. West, with 20 engravings.

Sybilline Leaves, by Mrs Coley.

Down the Hill, or the History of Samuel Woden, a story for boys, by Old Harlo.

Youth's Sketch Book.

Child's Gem, with 6 beautiful engravings.

American Juvenile Keepsake, edited by Mrs Holland.
jan 3 2wis

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, (recently of Boston, Mass.) intending to devote himself to a General Commission Business in the city of Mobile, would inform his friends and the public, that he may be found at the section house of Lothen Hall, Key, corner of St Francis and Water streets. All business entrusted to his care will meet with immediate attention, and the utmost exertion will be made to effect immediate sales.

JOHN M. WHITTEN.
Mobile, Nov, 22, 1834. apu6m dec 1

LADIES' CLOAKS.

THE subscriber has just opened 2 cases French Cloaks, of new fabrics and designs—which will be sold at cost of importation. E. K. WHITTAKER.
jan 3 3tis

NOTICE.

BRAMAN'S BATHS, near the Mill Dam, will be open in future only on Saturday and Sundays.

TREMONT BATHS, at Tremont House, open every day except Sunday afternoon, for ladies and gentlemen A female constantly in attendance. dec 20

BLONDE GOODS.

ONE case just received, containing Demi Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs.

Also—One case Wadded Robe, new patterns and extra sizes. For sale very low by E. K. WHITAKER.
dec 20.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his Stock and stand to Mr T. O. BRISCALL, takes great pleasure in recommending him to the patronage of his former friends and customer. CHAS I. HORSMAN
nov 8 tf

MORISONS PILLS
OR
HYGEIAN MEDICINE

IMPROVED.

THE *HYGEIAN MEDICINES* owe their origin to Mr Morrison, of London, who supposes all diseases to be caused by an impure state of the blood, and these Medicines by purifying that important fluid in the human system, cure all diseases. They are composed entirely of vegetables and warranted under oath not to contain one particle of mercurial or mineral preparation. They are harmless and pleasant in their operation and can be taken by persons of every age and in almost any situation. They have been before the puplic about ten years and have become so generally known that little need be said of their virtues and success as a *cure all* for every complaint. The General Agent has stated under oath that upwards of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars worth are annually sold in the United States: yet notwithstanding this, the Proprietors see fit to charge an enormous price for their Pills, which has induced the subscriber to make an accurate analysis of them, so as to enable him to prepare the same article, and to furnish the public, through the regular dealers in medicines, at half the price charged for those prepared by the British College of Health. He has made an improvement in No I Pills, and added a paper of Bitters to each package, and styles them the "Improved Hygeian Medicines." That they are composed of the same materials as the English can be proved by one of the best Chemists in the city of Boston, who has analyzed both and what is of the most importance, hundreds who have taken both Morison's and the Improved Hygeian Pills, can testify that there is no difference in their medicinal effects.

Prepared only at the Tremont Laboratory 178 Tremont street, Boston, by J. K. PALMER.

N. B. The genuine will be signed by the General Agent William H. Jones—to whom all orders must be directed, sold by Delano & Whitney; Trott & Co; Farnum Plummer; J. P. Whitwell and Wm Brown, Boston. nov 15

VEGETABLE
COUGH LOZENGES.

A PLEASANT, safe and efficacious remedy for Colds, Obstinate Coughs, Asthma, Croup, and all Pulmonary Affections, containing all the virtues of the different Cough Medicines in a more concentrated form, more pleasant than pills, more convenient and less liable to accident than in a liquid form, and by being slowly dissolved in the mouth will better allay the irritation of the throat, which is the immediate cause of Cough. This medicine is composed of vegetables, is perfectly safe and is recommended for children particularly in Croup. Prepared and sold at the Tremont Laboratory, by J. K. PALMER—Sold also by Trott & Co., Delano & Whitney, Wm Brown, John S. Brown, J. P. Whitwell, E. S. Holden, T Restieaux and E. L. Eliot. tf nov 29

FRENCH FUR SHOES.

JUST received a small lot of FRENCH FUR LINED WALKING SHOES—a beautiful article for the coming season for sale by THOMAS C. WALES No 126 Washington street. dec 6

SUPERFINE
READY MADE CLOTHING.

WHICH has been at No 8 Court street a short time, is now for sale at No 5, Congress Square.

Making the assortment of *READY MADE CLOTHING* on hand quite extensive and will be sold *VERY CHEAP* WM R. KELLEY
dec 6

FRENCH HAIR WORK.

E. DYER has just received a part of his Fall supply of Parisian *HAIR WORK*, consisting of Ladies' and Gentleman's Wigs and Top Pieces, of superior quality; Curled Hair, Puffs, and Frizettes; Long Hair, Braids and Braids and master ale used in the manufacture of said work, which he offers at fair prices for cash or approved credit. tf sept 13

RICH DRESS STOCKS.

FASHIONABLE styles of bow and plain plaited bow, plain and handkerchief Satin and Mohair *STOCKS*, made in the best manner, for sale by the doz, or on or single at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street.
aug 30

PARTRIDGE'S
ORIGINAL LEATHER PRESERVATIVE,
OR
OIL BLACKING,

A Patent Composition, for cleansing, nourishing, preserving and renewing the color of the Leather; Rendering it soft, pliable and elastic, and when completely filled impenetrable by the wet—or water proof.

THIS Composit on is not only the best, but the most convenient and cheapest article ever known for cleaning and preserving Chaise and Carriage Tops, Thorough Braces and Harness. It renovates and nourishes the Leather, renders it soft and elastic; renews the color and strength, and prevents it from drying and cracking

For Boots and Shoes it is invaluable. When allowed to dry, it closes the pores of the Leather, and renders them impenetrable by the wet, and keeps them soft and comfortable to the feet.

For Factory Bands, it is peculiarly beneficial, giving them an adhesiveness and elasticity that no other substance will give.

It is also applicable to Engine Hose, Forge Bellows, Travelling Trunks, and to all leather exposed to the action of heat, cold or wet; and entirely supersedes the use of oil.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Having made use of this Composition for the purposes above named, and finding it superior to any other article we have ever used, in its being not only more economical but more beneficial in its effects upon leather, we recommend it to the public as a highly useful and important discovery.

Boston—Galen Holmes; E. G. House.
New York—Edgar W. Davis.
Dunstable—Ph Adams.
Leicester—Samuel Watson.
Roxbury—Caleb Cushing.
Cambridge Port—John Cook.
} Who use the article on Boots, Shoes, Harnesses, Carriage Tops, &c

MISCELLANY.

THE LAY OF A YOUNGER SON.

BY JOHN FRANCIS, ESQ.

I hate to be a younger son,
Its really quite a bore,
Without a rood of land to bless,
Or hope of getting more;
To wander in the Park by day,
As I have often done,
And, sighing say, 'Alas, alas!
I am a younger son!'

Though I'm a poet, and can write
Love verses by the score;
I never win a heat by that
As others did of yore;
And, though I sing as few can sing,
And dance, I think, like none,
Yet still the seal is on me set—
I am a younger son!

Mammas look very, very shy,
Papas look very black;
While elder daughters with a sneer
Turn on my suit their back;
In vain, in vain I joke with them,
In vain, in vain I pun;
The laugh is all against myself—
I am a younger son!

Young ladies always are engaged
When I request their hands,
And now I quite abominate
The sound of Weipper's band;
My only pleasure is alone,
Or with my dog and gun;
They neither of them know that I
Am but a younger son!

I am a sear and withered leaf,
Upon life's rapid tide—
Louisa will not flirt with me,
Harriet won't take a ride;
And Jane won't take a moonlight stroll,
Or Anne enjoy my fun;
And Caroline is cross, because
I am a younger son!

I see them flirt, and dance, and ride,
Alas! I may not mingle;
I see them smile to show their teeth
With others, rich and single;
I saw Kate dancing with Sir James,
Who weighs at least twelve stone;
But then he's worth his weight in gold—
I'm a poor younger son!

Heiresses look extremely cold
When I with smiles draw near,
And guardians with their sober look,
Say, 'What have you a-year?'
I scarcely have a moment's peace,
For creditors will dun;
Oh! wherefore, wherefore was I born
To be a younger son!

I very, very seldom go
To revel, masque, or rout;
Am very, very seldom asked
To dine or breakfast out;
I have no cash to spend in play,
No studs have I to run;
I am uncar'd for and alone,
A landless Younger Son!

MICK GALLAGHAN.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

'From seeming evil, still educing good.'—*Thomson.*

'ARRAH, by the powers, Patrick Brady, you're a stupid o' nedham, so you are. Why has not Jack Kelly, and Phil M'Kavanagh, and the rise of the boys all gone jist to state their grievances, and yit here you stand behind your spade, working for your bare life, as if the welfare of the nation was nothing to you at all at all.'

'I'll tell you how it is, Mick dear,' said Patrick raising himself and looking earnestly in the face of the speaker. 'I'll tell you what it is Mick dear. It is because I have the good of the old counthrey at heart, that I jist stay away from the meeting. I niver saw any good come of these meetings, and Mick, I've lived now nearly fifty years, blessed be His name. Since these sort of meetings have gone on, things were instead of better, and that you know well. Was there not Jim Kirkeagh, had the party little cabin, and the clean tidy wife, and the neat patch of pratty ground; but he went to one of the meetings, and they raised him up, till he talked of nothing bud the ruin of con they and the association, and he went down in the world which made him worse. And the landlord keen for the rint, but Jim had none for him, and the pigs and the childer' all went This dhrew Jim mad. He joined the white-feet, shot his landlord and was taken with others, and hung for that crime. No! No! Mick; depind upon it the e is no good in these meetings.' 'Bud Patrick honey! must not the boys spake their mind?' 'Och, Mick darlint, that they may; bud at these meetings it is not their mind, bud the mind of those that spake to them that rules all. Sorra a bit Mick do you know about repale or the necissity of the same.'

'Bud the whole consarn is laid down as clear as thruth.' 'Thruth, Mick Callaghan, I have heerd it said, that the old one himself (Lord bethume us an harum) can talk scripture with the best priest in the counthrey.'

'By the powers, an he may aisey do that if all of them are like Father M'Culleinan. Bud will you come to the meeting Patrick.'

'No! Mick; I am better employed.'

Such was the conversation which took place between Patrick Brady and Michael Callaghan, two cotters on the lands of Ballydoyle, on the morning that a great repeal meeting was advertised to take place in the market town of Killmahon, And the disposition of the parties may be pretty well guessed at from their sentiments Brady was a staid, sober man, who though his means were but small, made the best of what he had; and by dint of hard labor and sobriety contrived to make all ends meet, and to keep his family with 'bit and sup' besides an extra meal to a stranger, or a glass of the rale stuff, to any neighbor who might drop in. Callaghan was a young man lately married, and without any incumbrance His friends and those of his wife had set him up in a small farm, and stocked it well to the fore But Michael was infected with the mania of the day. His thoughts ran upon seeing Ireland the 'independent country she once was,' and he had long struggled in vain to bring over Patrick to his sentiments, The hot imagination of youth was gone from Brady, and he had long been accustomed to see things by the sober light of common sense. He knew that Ireland even if separated from the sister kingdom would still be a scene of anarchy and faction; and that her own internal quarrels, would make her an easy prey to the first invader.—Hence, as far as he durst, he discountenanced the public meetings, but in the excitement which prevailed he could do little except keeping himself in peace.

On the morning in question, Mick had come in the full determination to bring Patrick along with him to the meetin. Indeed he had partly promised his friends the evening before, as they sat in Molly Haggerty's shebeen house, that he would do so; and great was his disappointment when he found all his eloquence thrown away He went along the road towards Kilmahon in no very pleasant state of mind. The expected laugh of his companions when they found that he had been defeated: and a secret consciousness of the truth of Patrick's reasoning, all tended to make him out of humor both with himself and all about him The roads were crowded with the peasantry, all eagerly pressing towards the point of attraction, and loudly discussing the various topics which were expected to be brought forward. Loud were the speeches and violent the gesticulations, which were seen and heard among the crowd: while all agreed that 'Ireland was reduced to slavery, and that nothing but the repeal could save her from ruin.'

'Sure the time was better before the parlemint was taken from us;' said one, 'we had then our own Lords and our own commons, and we could make them attend to the wants of the people bud now, they are out of our reach and care nothing for those who are dying for a bit of the own counthrey.'

'Och and that is thrue for you;' cried another 'Let them give us back our parlemint, and we shall soon hear no more of parsons or tythe proctors.'

'By the powers, we are quit of one though,' cried an old man, flourishing his cudgel over his head; 'we tuk care that not a grain of tithe was paid to the devil; and as he had nothin' else to live on, he was soon forced to cut his sticks. Oh! bud it would have made you stare to see the whole thribe as they left the village. The grave lady that used to walk in her silks, had sorra a rag, except what she carried; and the childer looked like living corpses, the craiture keep us. We gir em three cheers for luck when they left, and since then we have never been troubled with them.'

A loud laugh followed this account, and the conversation was continued. 'Glory be to O'Connell,' said a young a young woman, who, barefooted and with two candles strapped to her back, was making her way towards the town. 'Glory be to O'Connell! Och it's him that is the Glory of the people. It's him that'll git justice for Ireland.

'Thrue, Paddy,' said the man beside her, 'you say thrue. Sure I'm told that he went to the King and told him to his face, that he would have justice done to the countheiy.'

'And what did the King say?' asked another.

'Och, he boggled an boggled about it a long time; but Dan threatened him with what the people could and would do; and at last, he promised him fair or foul that he would do his best.'

'Hurrah for Dan O'Connell,' was shouted by all. In this manner they went on, the crowd deepening at every step until they reached the town. Here the streets were literally filled; all passing on to the place of meeting; it was a large square, bounded on every side by close buildings A party of mounted police had taken post on one side of it, who were saluted by groans and hisses; and on the other side stood the inn, bearing 'the liberator's' head on its sign, from the balcony of which the speakers were to hold forth to the people.

A deep silence pervaded the crowd, which was changed to shouts, as the great agitator himself stepped forth on the balcony. He waved his hand for silence, and commenced his speech. It was made up of his usual topics;—the distress of the country—tyranny of the Orangemen—the patience and sufferings of the Catholic population, and the purse-proud insolence of the parsons. Many of his auditor know well that numbers of those 'parsons' whom he had denounced, were reduced to the deepest distress; and that some of them had not for more than two years been able to procure an article of grocery, or a bit of flesh meat; living with these families, on potatoes and buttermilk; and that their lives, were in many instances in imminent danger from assassination: but the speaker those to assert the opposite, and, even in opposition to their senses was believed. He concluded his oration by advising them to unite together for the liberty of their country, telling them that the repeal,—the grand pancea for all their grievances,—was in a fair way of success.

Michael Callaghan listened to all this with the deepest attention, and become convinced that in the measures recommended, was there alone any hope for Ireland. He returned home a gloomy and discontented man; and though all around him bore the marks of prosperity, he was haunted with the idea that both the country and himself was hastening to ruin. In this frame of mind, Jack Kelly and Phil Cavanagh found him, when in the evening they called upon him to accompany them to the ale-house, where it was intended to form a union upon the plan recommended at the meeting. It required little persuasion to induce him to do this, and accordingly his quondam friends dragged him in triumph into the little room; where, at a dirty table, covered with empty cruskeens and glasses, sat Father M'Culleinan, as chairman of the meeting.

Father M. Culleinan was a short, round figure, whose form, had it not been for the projection his head and lower extremities, would have been an almost perfect globe; and as it was he looked like an immense turnip, with part of the root left attached to it, and set hinder end upwards. His little twinkling eyes gleamed from a face on which good living had set its seal; and as Mick approached the table, he welcomed him with a grasp a great deal more remarkable for its strength than for its politness.

'Ah, you're welcome Mick, my boy,' cried the father. 'By the blessed St Simon. I am as glad as if I had received a cardinal hat, so I am, to see you here. I had a fear of you lest that canting swadder Pat Brady had led you into his way of thinking; but you're here boy, and glad I am of it.'

Mick hastened to assure of his devotion to the cause of Ireland; and the meeting commenced by a speech from the pastor, in which he denounced Orangemen, swadder, and heretics of every description as the sworn enemies of Ireland. Other speeches followed still more violent; the union was formed; and Mick returned home at midnight, maddened with liquor and patriotism.—Night after night, the same scene occurred, (for to make sure of poor Callaghan, they had placed him on the committee, until he became a regular and habitual tippler. Meantime his affairs went wrong—His harvest, from want of attention, was spoiled in the gathering: from the same case accidents befel his cattle; for his servants, seeing the carelessness of their master, were not slow to imitate him, and Mick seemed fast going to ruin Instead, however, of perceiving the cause of all this, and amending it, he attributed the whole of his misfortunes to the evil government, and became more attached to that system which had so far proved his destruction, and was ready for the most violent measures.

At this time one of the missionaries employed by the Irish societies came into Ballydoye, and was received into Brady's house. The circumstance reached the ears of the union, and they resolved to drive him from the place. A mob was accordingly collected, and with the father at their head, set out for Brady's cottage. They arrived just as the little congregation (not more than half a dozen except the family) had seated themselves, and demanded with curses and threats that he should be given up to them. Brady, however, planted himself in the doorway, and positively refused to do anything of the kind; but seeing that their numbers increased he gave a sign to his wife to lead the stranger through the back door, and so down into the valley, where he would be safe from the ruffians. Meanwhile he kept them in play at the door, until he thought his guest was beyond their reach. 'Are ye Irishmen,' he shouted, 'that would attack an unarmed man? Are you even men that would injure one who never injured you? For, shame! if you must attack some one, let it be one that is able to defend himself.'

'And who are you, Pat Brady?' said Father M'Culleinan, evidently the worse for the liquor he had drank. 'Who are you, Pat Brady, I say; who dare to stop—hem—to stop us in our course of justice? We are sworn to deliver the country from its inimies; and that we will do in spite of you.'

'Bravo! bravo! floor him! give him a knock on the head,' shouted the mob, at the same time rushing forward. The bird was however gone, and their rage knew no bounds. They destroyed everything within their reach, and would have murdered Brady himself, if a party of police had not at that moment come up, and turned their rage another way. Amidst the formost on this occasion was Mick Callaghan, and from that hour his ruin advanced with hasty strides.

His temper and disposition had long been completely altered. From being mild and obliging to those around him he became harsh and brutal. Frequently in liquor, he knew not how to govern his temper, and his wife and children dreaded his appearance. His landlord saw this alteration, and endeavored to expostulate with him. His advice was received with curses and scorn. At length an execution was issued against him, and his stock appraised and sold for the arrears of rent due, while his family was turned out to wander he knew not where.

When this took place Mick was at his old resort, Molly Haggerty's A few of the more daring spirits had determined to punish Brady for his union with 'the foes of the country,' and midnight was fixed upon for the purpose. On his return to his own home, he found all he once possessed taken, and without inquiring for his family, ran hastily back to his companions and detailed to them the opposition under which he suffered. They unanimously joined in cursing the landlord and swearing revenge; and determined with greater earnestness to wreak it upon Brady, at least, in the absence of the landlord.

Callaghan's wife and family had in the meantime, found shelter with the very man whose destruction he was plotting. Brady had, with the greatest humanity, taken them to his own cottage, and was endeavoring to cheer them under their misfortunes, when a boy about fourteen ran into the cabin, almost breathless. 'Oh, Mr Brady dear,' he cried, 'fly for the baillife. The union men are coming to murther you, and burn down your cabin! Fly Mr. Brady honey, fly!' 'It is not unexpected,' said Brady; at the same time calmly seating himself. 'I will wait here in quietness.' In a few minutes a body of armed men surrounded the house with shouts of vengeance, and blocked up the door to prevent escape. 'Burn them with the cabin! Burn them with the cabin!' was shouted by several, and torches were thrown on the thatched roof. 'No! no!' cried Mick Callaghan, half intoxicated, 'shoot the villains! We are Ireland's sojers, and we'll give them marshil law.' So saying, he advanced and discharged his piece through the door of the cabin. A loud shriek answered his report, and a female figure rushing out of the house dropped at his feet. For a moment Callaghan looked on the woman with careless ferocity, but the next; his whole frame shook as with an ague. He was sobered at once, and raising the inanimate form from the ground, he looked at her with the most heart-rending anguish, 'Vaunia!' he exclaimed, and clasped her to him, 'Vaunia!, asthore! Are ye dead thin?—Are ye gone, and have I murdered ye? Oh Vaunia! a corra-na-chree speake to me; for the sake of heaven, speake to me; tell me yez have life in you.' The dying woman looked up in the face of her husband, and had just strength to point to the burning cabin, and murmur 'Mick!—the—the—childer!' when she once more fainted with pain and loss of blood.

But her words seemed to go through the heart of Callaghan. He gave a cry of desperate anguish, and with the strength of a lion made his way to the burning house, throwing to the right and left all who opposed his passage. 'Cease!' he shouted to the incendiaries, 'cease, you accursed villains!' Help me, Kavanagh! Kelly, help me in quenching these flames!' As he spoke, with the energy of desperation, he tore down the burning thatch, and made his way towards the door of the cabin. Those around him, stupified at his conduct, and not knowing the cause, stood inactive till they saw him emerge from the mass of smoke bearing an infant in his arms. He brought it to the light, and looked earnestly in its face. It was Brady's!—'Oh great God!' he shrieked, as laying it down he once more plunged desperately through the fire which had now seized every part of the little cabin. An involuntary cheer burst from his companions, as they once more beheld him rush out of the smoke carrying two children, one under each arm. He sat them down, looked at them, and staggering for support against Kavanagh, he received him ere he fell.

He had rescued two, and the infant of Brady; but one yet remained. This was the youngest, and his favorite child. He started from Kavanagh's arms, and with the low accents of despair and horror, he cried 'One more, yet one more,' and again made his way towards the blazing hut The flames had now burst forth, and the light of the burning roof illuminated far and wide the little village. A mingled cry of horror rose from all around as they beheld Callaghan, with his hair burnt off, and his cloths half consumed, once more disappear amidst the flames; but this was changed to a shout of triumph, when they saw him spring out of the fire, bearing aloft in his arms the rescued infant. Nature, however, could hold out no more, and staggering towards Kavanagh, he put the babe into his arms, at the moment that he himself dropped senseless on the ground.

The family of Brady had, in the meanwhile, escaped leaving in their hurry the child which Callaghan had saved; and Patrick Brady now came fearlessly forward amidst his persecutors, maddened with the loss of the child. He was beheld with a look of terror; they shrunk from him, as from a tenant of the grave. Not a hand was raised—not a word uttered; but when he beheld his child seated on the ground, and smiling at the flames; he snatched it up in his arms, and, lifting his eyes, exclaimed, 'God of heaven be thanked! I forgive them—yes, blessed be his name, I forgive them, and think all gained, while none is lost.' A groan near him drew his attention, an looking round he beheld the unhappy wife of Callaghan, supported by four men, and pale as a corpse. 'Poor Vaunia!' he said, 'Mick has paid dear this night for his errors.' So saying he assisted his late enemies in bearing her to a place of safety, while Kavanangh bore Michael himself. Happily the wound was not mortal; and he had received a lesson which nothing could efface. Removing to a small cabin, he resumed his industrious habits, and soon regained his lost character. Nor was the scene forgotten by those around. The union fell into disuse; and the burning of Brady's cottage was the first and last outrage in the village of Ballydoyle.

HISTORY OF THE STATESMAN PARTY.

PART FIRST.

THE first of Mr J. B. Derby's Political Reminiscences including "A Sketch of the Origin and History of the Statesman Party of Boston," will be published this morning, and for sale at the counting rooms of the Courier and Gazette; at the bar of Mr Rogers, City Hall; and at the book stores. This part will contain nine chapters with the following titles, viz:—Origin of the Statesman Party—the Election of 1824—The Election of 1828—The Scramble for Office—A Visit to Washington—Reform—Party Organization—official Life—the Tax, (showing the manner in which the officers of the Custom House were doomed to pay old debts)

The second part will contain about the same number of pages—ninety six—and the following chapters, viz:—Continuation of the Tax—The Conspiracy—Beauties of Jacksonism—Removal of the Deposites—Antidotes and Cure.

jan 17

BUFFALO & RUSSIA ROBES

FOR sale by B. HOMES, No 100 Milk street

Buffalo Robes per Sale or Single Robe and Squirrel Robes of all prices.

Also—200 Dressed Bear Skins and Robes for Sleighing

1000 Hair Seal for tanning,
1500 Hair Seal for trunks,
60 casks of Raisin in prime order,
500 Dry Grindstones of all sizes.

Cash paid for Shipping Furs at the above store.

jan 3 6w

FRENCH COOKING

By the DAY or ELEPANT, on Moderate Terms.

"All the kitchen muse first framed her Cook,
Commanding sweat to stream from every Cook.
The old and young with viands crude were plied,
And nations to physic wondered how they died."

VICTOR AGANT, an artist Cook who for the last three years has presided over the culinary department of the Fremont House, with, he trusts, some reputation, begs leave to offer his services in the line of his profession to all corporate bodies, societies, clubs, heads of families and *Bachelors*, who may require to add in preparing Dinners, Suppers *wedding* and other feasts. He flatters himself from his long practice and experience in the Gastronomic art that he can get up repasts in the most modern and exquisite style of the French School, to the entire satisfaction of all who may honor him with their commands, or patronize him in his endeavors to contribute to the health, comfort and pleasure of his employers.

He also takes the liberty to inform those gentlemen of Boston who have a decided preference and taste for La Cuisine Francaise, that he can furnish ten or twelve persons with dinners (on being notified of their wishes one day in advance) at his house Fayette sq pta, No 4 Providence street, opposite Montgomery place.

nov 22 *Small but neat.

NOTICE.

THE entire stock of the late firms of HERACE PORTER & Co. and WILLIAM S. WILLIS, comprising an extensive assortment of WATCHES AND JEWELRY, of every description, will be offered at a great reduction, from former prices, until the 15th April next when the whole must be closed—at No 153 Washington street, opposite Old South. dec 27

AT FEATHER STORE, NO 27

DOCK SQUARE, (South side.)

FOR Sale, Genuine New England Live Geese Feathers; best Southern and Western do do; Russian do; Sicily and various kinds of common and low priced do. Also, Beds, Mattresses, Pew and Chair Cushions, and a general assortment of Bedding and Upholstery Goods.

UPHOLSTERERS' STOCK. Best South American and Russia Hair, picked and unpicked; Florida New Orleans and Carolina Moss, picked and unpicked, or in bales to suit; Bed Ticking, &c; at the lowest prices

CHARLES A HUDSON. tf dec 1

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL at the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at No 52, Water street, Boston—viz: Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsman do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubery—Ingatur do &c *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston.

HONEY COMB.

1000 LBS WHITE HONEY COMB, of extra quality, in patent boxes, of various sizes, just received from the State of Maine, and for sale at No 1 City Hall. ORRA GOSS.

oct 11 tf

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of 15,000 acres of rich land in the town of Washington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, up stairs.

dec 20 tf

ADAMANTINE TEETH.

MR BEMIS, Dentist, (No 22 School street,) is able to exhibit to his Patients specimens of every variety of *mineral or incorruptible* Teeth; to explain the manner of adapting the several kinds to gold or platinum plates, and to the fangs of such teeth as may have become truncated or carious; and likewise to demonstrate the practicability of wearing any number of them, one or an entire set.

He is also able to manufacture a new kind of teeth, (the result of many years experimental research) to which he has given the distinctive epithet placed at the head of this notice The natural appearance of these teeth, their beauty, and their strength, must recommend them; but it may be said, and with truth, that the teeth themselves are as durable as adamant and as incorruptible as the precious gems; and therefore, that the *factor oris*, or bad breath, (from the teeth in a state of decomposition,) may be overcome entirely by substituting the above *gems or precious teeth*, for those of decaying and corruptible substances.

Among the several kinds, alluded to above, will be found Teeth of all prices from five to fifty dollars each.

All Dental Operations attended to as usual, and at the *Old Prices* for Cash; but all professional services rendered for *instalment*, will be booked at 100 *per cent* above *the cash prices*, from and after the 1st of January, 1835—Book accounts take up much valuable time, and are in other respects extremely inconvenient to the subscriber

dec 27 3m S. A. BEMIS.

A. B. GALUCIA,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER AND GLAZIER

Corner of Water and Bath streets, Boston.

All orders executed with neatness and despatch.

nov 8 3m

STOVE AND GRATE MANUFACTORY.

JOHN PETERS, No 60, Cornhill, has constantly for sale, a good assortment of *COAL STOVES* and *GRATES*, which will be sold cheap for cash.

ALSO—Fenders, Coal Hods, Pokers, and Sifters.

nov 15 2m

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

THE Lancaster Type and Stereotype Foundry is REMOVED to No 5, Water street, where the subscribers are prepared to execute all kinds of *STEREOTYPING* with neatness and despatch.

They have on hand all kinds of Book *TYPE*, which has been used for stereotyping, which will be sold at a liberal discount. Also, *NEW TYPE* will be furnished to Printers at the usual prices.

Old Type taken in exchange for new or second hand at 9 cents per lb. SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

nov 15 tf

TO THE LADIES.

COMBS of every variety REPAIRED in the *neatest manner* and at the *lowest prices*, at the

NEW COMB MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING ESTABLISHMENT,

☞ *Sign of the Original Golden Comb.* ☜

No 2 Milk street, in the same building with Smith's Fancy Pocket Book Manufactory.

Where may be found an extensive variety of COMBS of the *latest* and most *improved patterns*.

Also, a fine assortment of

FANCY GOODS AND PERFUMERY.

COMBS made to order or altered at the *shortest notice*.

nov 22 3m A. S. JORDAN.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

MUSICAL WORK BOXES, Work Boxes, furnished and unfurnished—Toilette and Dressing Cases: Music Boxes: a great variety of elegant French Fancy Boxes: Tea Cadys: Card Baskets Card Cases: silver and ivory Emerys: Toilette Cushions: Screw Cushions: Pin Cushions: Porcelain Smelling Bottles: silver and shell Combs: rich Jewelry: rich Plated Buckles: elegant Bead Bags and Purses: Indies Pocket Books and Needle Books: Silk Reels: fine French Baskets: Miniature Tea Setts: Bronze Ink Stands: Thermometers, &c: Fire Screens; Bulb Vases; English Cutlery GAMES. Chess Men and Boards; Battledoors and Birds; Loto; Dissected Maps and Prints; Revolving Alphabets and Figures; Dominoes; Chinese Puzzles; Games of Futurity, &c, &.

The above articles will be sold at very low prices by PENDLETON, 203 Washington street. dec 27

A SPLENDID ARTICLE FOR LADIES.

THOMAS O. BRISCALL, at No 8 State street, nothside City Hall, the original Manufacturer of Satin Beaver HATS, has just manufactured a splendid assortment of Satin Beaver BONNETS, adapted to the present season; he being the Manufacturer of the article can recommend them for quality and durability, which is not excelled by any thing of the kind in the market. They will be sold cheap for Cash. The Ladies are requested to call and examine this splendid article. dec 13

UMBRELLAS

34 INCH French, Fluted Handles, a few of this extra size, for sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES.

nov 8 No 6 Court street, near Washington street.

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CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND WEST STS.

CLASSES in French and Latin, on Monday and Thursday Evenings, and Saturday A. M. and P. M.

Classes in Book Keeping, by Single and Double Entry, from 12 till 1 every day, and Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7 till 9.

PENMANSHIP, of every description taught by the Quarter or number of Lessons.

Classes for Boys in any of the above Branches, from 12 till 2, P. M.

References—Hon Theodore Lyman, Jr; Hon H. G. Otis; Charles G. Loring, Esq; Rev J J Janeway, D. D. Philadelphia; Henry Nixon, Esq. Pres. Bk North Am Philad; J. Barrington, Esq. Sec Sav. Bk. Philad Rev Bishop Brownell, and Hon Thomas Day, Sec of the State of Connecticut.

Mons J. A. FRONTIN, French Teacher, respectfully informs his former pupils and friends that he has introduced a method essentially adapted to the wants of the learner, and, he believes, peculiarly calculated to save trouble and expense.

References—John Lowell, Esq; Professor Tickner; Joseph Abbot; E. A. Andrews and Rev James Walker.

C. E. H. RICHARDSON, Principal.

jan 3 4m

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS.

FRISBANKS, LOMAX & CO, corner of Kilby and Milk streets, have received a very large supply of Dutch Bolting Cloths of the Anchor stamp, of different widths and numbers, which they offer for sale on very advantageous terms. tf sept 20

GENUINE

PEACH ORCHARD COAL.

SOLOMON PIPER, No 30 Sea street, is now receiving direct from the North American Coal Company his supply of this very superior Coal, which he is ready to deliver his customers and others on the most favorable terms. To those who have tried this article no further recommendation is necessary. To others, it may not be improper to state it has given universal satisfaction, and is believed to be the best Anthracite in use.

Also—for sale as above, superior Newcastle Coal.

sep 20 6m

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filled and rendered equally useful as before decayed.

INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH, in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use, will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice

Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth.

N. B. Dr P. also informs the public that he has availed himself of the services of an experienced operator from the city of New York, who will be constantly present.

nov 15 3m

NATHANIEL DEARBORN,

ENGRAVER in General, No 140 Washington street. Orders respectfully solicited. A neat lot of Enamelled or polished surface Cards just received, for visiting, &c. Copperplate Printing particularly attended to.—Cards engraved in the best manner. tf june 21

SAMUEL G. B. EATON,

NECK STOCK and Suspender Manufactory—Ready made Linen, Hosiery and Glove Store, No 78 Washington street.

Always on hand a good assortment of Stocks, Suspenders, Russia Riding belts, Shirts, Dickies, Bosoms Drawers, Under Shirts, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hose Cravat Pads Black Italian Silk, Neck-kerchiefs, &c.

N. B. Neck Stocks of all patterns made to order and repaired. tf nov 1

KIMBALL'S

Wholesale and Retail Linen Drapery and Stock Store.

MOSES KIMBALL at his old stand, No 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square offers for sale, at low prices, the greatest assortment of goods in his line of business to be found in the city. His assortment of articles finished for the fall trade, and to which the attention of Country Traders is directed, consists in part of STOCKS, made of white and black haircloth; best satin, plaited and plain, and with bows; silk Vesting, do; Suspenders of India rubber, worsted, silk cotton, net and web; Gloves and Hosiery of every description; Handkerchiefs, Shirt Bosoms and Collars of every quality; fine and common linen and cotton Shirts, with, plain, frilled and plaited bosoms, with and without collars; deer skin Suits, a capital article; merino, lamb's wool, victoria, raw silk, flannel, cotton and other under wear; Vests, Bombazines and Satins, for Stocks Webbing, Stock and Suspender Buckles; Bristles and lining Skins, etc. nov 1

BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER.

5200 PAIRS Children's Pegged and Pump Boots.

1000 pr Men's and Boys' Thick Boots.
500 do Thick Brogans and Shoes.
500 do Kip do.
125 do prime Calf Boots faced stitched.
100 pr fudg'd do.
150 do pegged Calf Boots.
500 pr Misses' pegged Bootees.

Together with a general assortment of Ladies' Men's, and Children's Boot and Shoes, well adapted to city and country trade

—ALSO—

1200 prime waxed Calf Skins.
500 sides Slaughter Upper Leather, from Tan, together with an assortment Sole Leather and Shoe Stock.

For sale by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM, 26 North Market Street, Boston.

N. B. Nowell's BLACKING by wholesale.

nov 8 2m

JOB PRINTING,

OF ALL DESCRIPTION NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

BOLTING CLOTHS AND BURR STONES.

B. F. WHITE, No 11, Kilby street, (Agent for the Bird and Lion patterns) imports and keeps constantly for sale an extensive assortment of Dutch

BOLTING CLOTHS

of the following patterns, viz;—Bird of Paradise—Eagle—Lion—Anchor—Arms of Harlem and Harlem Stars.—Millers and others can be supplied on as favorable terms as at any other place in the United States.

—ALSO—

Burr Mill Stones and Blocks 6m oct 18

NOT SELLING OFF AT COST

ALBRA WADLEIGH, No 112 Hanover street, wishing to reduce his stock of DRY GOODS, will sell at as low prices as those who PROFESS to sell at cost. He feels confident in asserting that many of his goods can be afforded at less prices than can be found at any other store, from the fact of his having purchased at a large discount the stock of an Assignee.

A. W. not wishing to delude customers by advertising prices for his goods, (and not intending to hold to them) would request purchasers to call and examine his goods and real prices for themselves. dec 27

SATIN BEAVER HAT

THOMAS O. BRISCALL, the Original Manufacturer of *SATIN BEAVER HATS* in the New England States, would inform his friends, customers and the public in general, that he has taken the Store lately occupied by Mr Charles I. Horsman, No 8 State street, where will be found a great assortment of HATS, and on as reasonable terms as can be had at any establishment in the city.

T. O. B. continues to manufacture the above article at his Factory, No 2 Congress Square where the public and the customers of the late firm of Briscall & Jackson can be accommodated promptly, and on the same terms as heretofore. tf oct 25

PROVISIONS, SOAP AND CANDLES.

300 BBLS Mess Beef, new; 100 do, Navy Mess do
do; 500 do No 1, do do; 300 do Prime do, do;
200 half brls Mess, P. Mess, and No 1 do, do.
50 brls Mess Beef, old,
100 do Clear Pork, Boston,
100 do do do, Western,
200 do Prime do New York,
100 do do do, Ohio; 200 kegs Lard,
10 hhds, Hams; 5 do Shoulders Bacon,
500 boxes Mould Candles,
500 do No 1 and extra No 1 Soap,
1000 half boxes do do do,

For sale at the lowest market prices, by CHARLES VALENTINE, No 12 Long wharf.

nov 8 2m

THE GIFTED LADY.

NOTICE.—MRS MOTT AT HOME!!—The reports of Mrs Mott, the Female Physician having left Boston for the South, require contradiction. She begs to acquaint her friends, patients and the public, she continues to see invalids even in the last stages of the disease as usual, at her residence corner of Tyler and Cambridge streets, from 10 in the morning until evening. jan 3

FLUTES.

SOME fine toned *FLUTES*, 4, 6 and 8 keys, cocoa wood—from good makers, just received by

JOSEPH L. BATES.

nov 8 6, Court street, near Washington street,

RICH MANTEL GRATES.

A SUPERIOR article can be obtained at the Manufactory, No 9 Congress square, (up stairs.) Gentlemen about furnishing their Parlors or Chamber, with Grates, will do well before purchasing to call and examine the Grates manufactured at this establishment.

☞ Grates made to order at short notice.

Gentleman that are building, can be furnished with Grates of every variety, warrant d inferior to none manufactured in the city. BENJAMIN LEANLY.

oct 4 3m

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation if the Paste be timely and properly applied All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

PATENT

COUGH CONFECTION.

Or the Compound Sugar of Honey (Commonly called Cough Candy) prepared only by J. P. WHITWELL, Chemist, Boston, Mass.

THIS article is a complete substitute for the most approved and expensive Cough Medicines in use—it may be depended on in all cases of Coughs, Colds Asthmas, and all Pulmonary Affections, which are not of too long standing. The opening quality of the Honey is sufficiently counteracted by the other ingredients, and the preparation is extremely pleasant to the taste as well is perfectly safe, and may be taken until the stomach becomes closed, without the least injury—for a grown person, however, one or two ounces is sufficient at one time. All those, especially females and children, who are averse to medicines in the common and more nauseating forms, this article is particularly recommended. All the saccharine substances for these purposes before in use have more efficacy as a medicine than common sugar.

CAUTION. Imitations without number, some of them of dangerous, and all of doubtful tendency, will probably be got up under the title of 'Cough Candy'—beware of all such, and purchase only the 'Patent Compound Sugar of Honey,' prepared as above.

Also, Chalastic Salve, an excellent article for burns, scalds, piles, frozen limbs and chapped hands. Price 25 cents a box

Sold by the Proprietor corner of Milk and Bath, directly opposite Pearl street

Also—North End by S. W. Fowle, Druggist, corner of Prince and Salem street; South End by E. Frank, Druggist Corner Pleasant and Washington street; West End by James Fowle, Druggist, corner of Green and Leverett street; *and at no other place.* 3m dec 13

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!!

50 READY made Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks will be sold low, if applied for soon, at No 260 Washington street, 3d door south from Summer street.

A few remnants of French Merino Cloths, of a very fine quality red, pink, blue, and maroon colors.

Also, a variety, of English and French Goods, Hosiery Gloves, &c, by J. NIGHTINGALE. 6t dec 13

REMOVAL.

CALVIN ELLIS, M. D. has removed from No 21 to No 16 Summer street, next to Trinity Church, directly opposite his former stand.

DR ELLIS would take this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that, in connexion with his practice as a *PHYSICIAN*, he continues to perform *OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.* Having had several years experience in that branch of his profession, he hopes to meet the entire satisfaction of any who may need his services as a Dentist. tf aug 15

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBER